

OPEN ON:

Rain. Lashing a windowpane. A PIANO PLAYS somewhere off screen. Charles Ive's *Sonata No 2 for piano*.

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - DAY

*

GEORGIE DENBROUGH (7) -- nervous, eager, sweet -- sits on the floor folding drawings of war into the form of a PAPER BOAT. His brother Will (13) is in bed, surrounded by tissues, playing video games and glancing over every so often to check on Georgie's progress.

WILL

Get the wax in the basement.

Georgie looks hesitant. Scared even.

WILL (CONT'D)

You want it to float don't you?

Georgie goes.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

OCTOBER 1988

+

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Georgie hurries downstairs, catching a glimpse of their mother SHARON DENBROUGH (30s) in the parlor playing piano. She smiles at her son running past.

INT. KITCHEN - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

George's stomach sinks as he comes face to face with THE BASEMENT DOOR. He scowls to steady himself, ready to face the blackness behind it.

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - CONTINUOUS

*

A WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS next to Will. The sarcastic voice of RICHIE "TRASHMOUTH" GOLDFARB (13), his neighbor, filters through the plastic speaker.

*

RICHIE
(staticky)
Oh, Willy-boy. Over.

Will, annoyed, picks up the walkie and looks through his rain blasted window.

WILL
Richie.

They wave at each other. Richie, bug-eyed glasses, turns the wave into a middle-finger.

RICHIE (O.S.)
Get your ass over here. It's all
warmed up. Over.

He holds up a SEGA remote control.

WILL
Can't. I'm sick.

RICHIE
Is it venereal? Over-

INT. CELLAR DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flinging the door open, George ventures his arm into the DARK VOID. He gropes around and finds the LIGHT SWITCH. Nothing. George snatches his arm back.

The dark basement glares back at him, taunting.

Will "cah-cahs" - an animal like noise that Georgie responds to with a different animal, depending on what the sound is the word ends with. For example, a "cah-cah" would need to have an "ah" at the beginning of the next call.

Georgie responds with his own smoke-throated baby bird "ah-oo".

GEORGIE
The lights're out!

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - CONTINUOUS

RICHIE (O.S.)
What the hell was that?

Will coughs hard into a tissue. Half-impatient, half-joking:

WILL

Every time Georgie goes down to the basement he thinks he's gonna die.

RICHIE

Seven year-olds are pussies.

WILL

Uh-oh, my battery--

RICHIE

No wait--

Will turns off the walkie-talkie.

WILL

(calling to his brother)

You can do it, Georgie, you're not afraid of the dark!

INT. KITCHEN - WILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peering down the stairway at the dark cellar, Georgie studies the contents of the room below. A DARK FIGURE, still and hunched over in the corner, causes him to freeze. Further examination reveals this specter to be a wooden shelf.

Off his brother's encouragement --

INT. CELLAR - WILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George scrambles down four steps to THE CELLAR SHELF and sifts through junk as fast as he can: SHOE-POLISH, RAGS, a broken FLASHLIGHT, an old can of TURTLE WAX, a dusty bag of colored BALLOONS.

He grabs the BOX OF PARAFFIN near the back of the shelf, and hurries back up the stairs as we quickly track towards him, about to pounce. The door slams in our face.

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - DAY

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Will melts a chunk of paraffin with a match in a ceramic bowl, then dips his finger into the hot liquid and smears the wax along the sides of the boat.

WILL

I knew you weren't scared of that dark old basement. There you go, Captain. She's all ready for ya.

They both grin, the cozy room full of cheerful brotherly love.

GEORGIE
Thanks, Willy.

WILL
Don't forget your rain gear or
mom'll blow a circuit.

GEORGIE
She's not watching.

WILL
Do it -- you wanna get sick like
me?

Georgie goes. Will looks to the rain-lashed window, piano still playing. He's suddenly filled with a sense of foreboding.

WILL (CONT'D)
And be careful!

EXT. WITCHAM STREET - DAY

A DEAD TRAFFIC LIGHT sways overhead, its dripping black lenses gazing back at A BOY IN A RED SLICKER AND GALOSHES.

Georgie races down the street past dark houses after his PAPER BOAT, which sluices along a gutter swollen with rushing rainwater toward the intersection.

Angle on the dripping street signs: **WITCHAM & JACKSON.**

Rain taps on George's hood sounding to his ears like rain on a shed roof, a comforting almost cozy sound. The buckles of his galoshes make a merry jingle as he goes.

The boat whistles past a blockade of sawhorses marked *DEPT OF DERRY PUBLIC WORKS*, where a gouge in the blacktop sends it sweeping diagonally across toward a STORM DRAIN.

GEORGE
Crap!

George races after, almost slipping and breaking his butt. He gets to the PAPER BOAT just as it surfs up to the drain, circles around twice, and is swallowed up. George looks ready to cry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Oh crap Will's gonna kill me.

He peers into the storm drain, water falling into darkness. A dank hollow sound comes from within, the boat kicking in and out of the shadows.

Georgie snakes his arm through the grate, reaching for the boat, his nose pressed against the curb. Just as he's about to get it a face appears.

A GREASY WHITE FACE

George recoils from the storm drain, spooked. That's when a VOICE, a sad voice, rises up.

PENNYWISE

This your boat?

Georgie looks around, hoping someone else is nearby but it's just him and the torrential rain. Unseen by Georgie, An OLD WOMAN watches from the window of a house behind the storm drain.

CUT TO: POV from the OLD WOMAN's house. She turns her attention back to her cat, scraping the wet innards of a can of tuna onto a plate on the windowsill. The cat meows.

BACK TO GEORGIE:

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

It's a nice boat. Floats.

Georgie looks back at the drain. Deep inside there, lingering just on the edge of the shadows...

IS A CLOWN

Not Bozo, or Ronald McDonald, but something more old world, freakish, like that of a 19th-century acrobat -- bald, lithe, almost child-like. PENNYWISE.

GEORGE

Why are you in the sewer?

PENNYWISE

Oh, the circus said not to say.

GEORGE

How come?

PENNYWISE

They don't let me in on that stuff. I just do my tricks for the kids. You look like a nice boy. I'll bet you have a lot of friends.

GEORGE

Three. But my brother is my best
best.

George glances at the paper boat, now kicking between
Pennywise's gnarly white feet. Pennywise picks up the boat.

PENNYWISE

Your best best. Is this his boat?

GEORGE

He made it for me.

A big grin swells across Pennywise's face.

PENNYWISE

That's a good brother. Where is he?

GEORGE

In bed. Sick.

PENNYWISE

Let me cheer him up. I'll bring you
both to the circus.

GEORGE

He won't want to go.

PENNYWISE

Why not? There's cotton candy and
bearded women and all the balloons
your brother could want.

GEORGE

He's 13. He thinks balloons are
dumb. And clowns are dumb.

Pennywise's face turns, a dawning awareness.

PENNYWISE

Well you don't do you?

George shrugs.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

I'll take just you then.

GEORGE

I don't know. I'm not supposed to
talk to strangers.

PENNYWISE

Smart parents, smart parents. Well
I'm Bob Gray -- Pennywise to my
friends. What do they call you?

GEORGE

G- Georgie.

PENNYWISE

Georgie. Now we aren't strangers,
are we?

Georgie shrugs, still not convinced.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

I promise I'll have you back in
time for dinner. Give me your hand,
we'll shake on it.

GEORGIE

You're still a stranger. I' don't
want to talk to you.

PENNYWISE

Okay, shake and give me the silent
treatment. Zip your lip up and
shake -

With his left hand Pennywise pretends to zip his own lips
while offering his right through the sewer drain.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

-- and I'll give you back your
boat.

*

Pennywise holds Georgie's boat out of the drain with his
right hand. Georgie reaches out both hands, his left to
receive his boat and his right for a handshake to signal
their friendship.

CUT TO the OLD WOMAN's POV again.

The cat devours its food, the old woman pleased with his
appetite. She hears a scream and looks up, rising and
dropping the can of food and heading for her door as quickly
as her decrepitude permits.

RACK FOCUS... Georgie's rag-doll body flung left and right at
the mouth of the storm drain.

The boy in the red slicker is pulled out of sight.

As the old woman totters from her building, staring in terrified wonderment at the storm drain across the street which has swallowed Georgie Denbrough whole --

SMASH CUT TO:

A wide shot of glacier-cut mountains. MUSIC soars, the billowing climax to an overture we had not previously noticed. Then, SILENCE.

Title card:

JUNE 1989

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EXT. DERRY - AERIAL - SAME

In the shadows of glacier-cut mountains rests the TOWN OF DERRY, MAINE, settled on a crosscut of the Penobscot River and Kenduskaeg stream.

It's a sturdy, picturesque Northeastern town like any other, its rough-hewn industrial past bleeding through a gentrified, decaying present.

TILT STRAIGHT DOWN to DERRY MIDDLE SCHOOL

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INT. DERRY MIDDLE SCHOOL, LAB - DAY

*

WILL DENBROUGH (13). Handsome and gangly, a boy straight out of a Sally Mann photo, still haunted by the memory of his little brother. He holds a goldfish in a bag (aka STANLEY) and quietly talks to:

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*

EDDIE KASPBRAK (13), a boy abnormally small for his age, his EPI-PEN JR. (an adrenaline injector for kids with life-threatening allergies) holstered in his medicine-filled fannypack; and

RICHIE GOLDFARB (13), the neighbor with the walkie-talkie, a video game and swimsuit model freak who secretly is more interested in the swimsuits than the models, with bug-eye glasses and a kippah.

All three lean over the lab table, itching for the minute hand to reach the 30 minute mark on the 14th hour, unleashing the ringing bell that will end their 8th grade school year.

*

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*

WILL
How's it work?

RICHIE
I swear this clock is rigged.

*

EDDIE
They slice part of his penis
off.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
He's purposely making us sit
until the last second. Look,
other classes are already
getting out.

*
*
*
*
*

Richie rotates from flipping off a teacher to his back, to
flipping off Eddie.

EDDIE
Oh, they already did that?

WILL
It's like a right of passage right?

RICHIE
My ticket to puberty and a fully
combed out fro on my balls. I read
a verse and a seventh dimensional
door opens up where I slay my Ronin
master over a pit of death. I win,
my schlong grows another six
inches.

EDDIE
You'll need more than a Bar Mitzvah
for that.

RICHIE
Just your mom's Victoria's Secret
Catalogue.

EDDIE
It's Spiegel. She only gets
Spiegel.

*

WILL
What's the difference?

EDDIE (CONT'D)
With Spiegel you get to use
your imagination.

RICHIE
Fuck that. 25th Anniversary
Swimsuit Issue. Hands down the
best rub I've ever had.

INT. DERRY MIDDLE SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

*

BEVERLY MARSH (13), tosses a cloud of auburn hair away from
her wary green-gray eyes. Her clothes are neither new nor
name-brand. Proud but not conceited, she's the envy and
natural enemy to all popular girls.

*
*
*
*

She looks over as TRAVIS BOWERS (15) a sadistic tower of prematurely developed muscle, who leans over a pudgy boy in high-waisted jeans, BEN HANSCOM (13).

TRAVIS
(through his teeth)
Let me see the fucking answers.

Ben tries to move his test out of Travis' eye line as Travis flicks him in the ear.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I will break-

TEACHER
Mister Bowers. Please don't make me
spend another year with you.

The teacher points for Travis to change seats. Ben watches him move as Travis grabs his test and mimes hanging himself from a rope to Ben.

A BELL RINGS

INT. DERRY MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Doors fling open and ROWDY 6TH, 7TH, and 8TH GRADERS spill out into the halls like sheep. Books are hurled in the trash, lockers emptied out, papers strewn all over -- summer is officially commenced. Swept up among this madness is...

A group of PRETTY POPULAR GIRLS, some in field hockey uniforms with pleated skirts they've rolled up extra short and carrying their sticks. The prettier leader, GRETTA (14), notices someone off-screen.

GRETTA
If I have to see that bitch one
more time this summer...

We PAN to Beverly. A GIRL next to Gretta drops her backpack to her side and fishes out a field hockey ball from its front pocket.

GIRL #1
I think I can handle this.

Tee-ing up the ball she smacks it towards Beverly's shins. Quick, a startled Beverly lifts one leg and the ball hits the lockers behind her with a loud CLANG.

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)
Sure know how to spread 'em, slut!

Peals of laughter from the popular girls. Beverly turns and darts down the hallways so they can't see the reddening of her face.

GRETTA

Run, bitch!

EXT. EMERGENCY EXIT - DERRY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Ben lingers with his bike in the courtyard there. The door opens behind and Beverly steps out, Ben blocking her way. *

BEVERLY

You gonna let me go by or is there a secret password or something?

BEN

Sorry.

He steps aside. Beverly tip-toes past, lighting a cigarette like a pro.

BEVERLY

"Sorry's" not a password.

His brain freezes searching for a response. Beverly smiles to relax him, offers a smoke. He refuses. She shrugs, inhales and blows a smoke ring in his face.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Travis staying late to finish the test so there's no need to hide. His friends, too.

BEN

That's -- convenient...

BEVERLY

It really is. Assholes travelling in packs are easier to avoid. You're the new kid, right? I'm--

BEN

(blurting)

Beverly Marsh.

A little too quick. His ears turn red with embarrassment.

BEN (CONT'D)

I just know 'cuz we were in social studies. Together, in the same class. You were-

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
(realizing he's vomiting
nonsense)
I'm Ben.

Bev smiles knowingly. Ben is crushing on her. He holds out his YEARBOOK, sheepish.

BEN (CONT'D)
Sign my yearbook?

Bev opens it and sees she's the first, and only, to sign it. Her heart breaks a little for him. She writes "Stay Cool" and signs her name with three hearts. Ben notices a FAINT YELLOW BRUISE on her forearm. Bev notices him noticing.

BEVERLY
"Stay cool", Ben from sosh class.

BEN
Uh, you too, Beverly.

Bev waves for him to go, totally smitten, Ben misses the cue. *

BEVERLY
"K.I.T."

Finally getting he should leave, and yet feeling brilliant for an instant- *

BEN
"Get laid in the shade!"

-And immediately regrets saying it. Burning with shame he hops on his bike. We follow Ben... *

Through the parking lot past a DERRY POLICE BOOTH, where a little gathering of cops eat donuts (CHIEF BORTON among them) not doing jack shit. The school MARQUEE reads: *

**REMEMBER THE CURFEW
7 P.M.
DERRY POLICE DEPARTMENT**

EXT. HANLAN'S BURGER JOINT - DAY *

A Streamliner trailer attached to an old Ford pick-up surrounded by picnic benches. LEROY HANLAN (40s) flips three cheeseburgers onto buns, stacks on lettuce and tomatoes, and places them in a cardboard box atop a pile of fries.

LEROY
Order up!

His son MIKE (15), a wiry and confident boy, busses out the order. The joint is hopping with kids fresh out of school. He comes to a table with Will, Richie, and Eddie and throws down the burgers, which are wrapped in newspaper..

RICHIE

Hey, homeschool. You forgot my shake.

MIKE

For the last time, it's Mike.
Townie.

*

EDDIE

Which one of these is the well done?

WILL

Eddie, just eat it.
(to Mike)
Sorry.

MIKE

Yesterday that piece of meat was on a living cow. Well done or not, can't get any rawer than that... Shake's coming up.

*

*

Mike heads off, taking no shit from nobody. Will smiles at his swagger. Eddie just looks at the burger disgusted.

EDDIE

Now I'm 'sposed to eat this?

RICHIE

One man's loss--

Richie grabs the burger and is about to take a bite when--

WILL

Guys look.

Will points to the street, where sleepless and desperate woman lurks. This is the mother of Dorsey Corcoran, who scans the throngs of burger eating kids with desperate eyes.

RICHIE

Jesus, she think he's been hiding out under the shake machine the last three weeks.

EDDIE

(looking at his Jewish friend)
Jesus? He's on our team.

WILL

Think the cops will ever find him?

RICHIE

Sure. In a ditch. All decomposed, covered in worms and maggots and smelling like Eddie's Mom's va--

Travis Bowers CHECKS RICHIE OFF HIS SEAT.

TRAVIS

Move faggot.

The contents of Richie's backpack spill everywhere, his glasses knock off --

Travis walks past with two sidekicks. Meet SNATCH HUGGINS (13) and VICTOR CRISS (16), one a lunkhead oaf, another a scrap and scab junk-yard dog type. Victor grabs Will's goldfish and tosses it.

VICTOR

Look! Flying fish!

Will goes after it, but it lands on the griddle, the fish instantly fried.

Traumatized, Eddie starts to hyperventilate. He unzips his fanny pack, pulls out his Epi-pen Jr., and pricks himself.

SNATCH

What's this?

Snatch picks up one of Richie's video game magazines, a torn out JC PENNIES MEN'S UNDERWEAR AD slipped between the pages.

TRAVIS

What would you be saving this for Israel?

Travis flings it at Richie, who's gone beet-red.

RICHIE

I didn't tear that out.

TRAVIS

Keep telling yourself that.

The bullies move on to the parking lot. Will helps Richie up.

RICHIE

Thanks for having my back.

WILL

What can we do? They're bigger than us.

Mike helps clean the mess, hands back Richie's cracked glasses.

MIKE

A slug in the nose hurts no matter
how big you are.

RICHIE

I didn't see you stepping up.

MIKE

(over his shoulder)
I was busy getting homeschooled.

Eddie's sneezing subsides as he looks at the smashed bag that
once held the goldfish.

EDDIE

They cooked Stanley.

Mike returns to Leroy, who scrapes off what's left of the
fish from the griddle. He skunk-eyes Travis and his crew as
they jump into his Trans Am and squeal out into the road.

LEROY

And you wanna know why I keep you
away from these people.

INT. WILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Dust collects on the piano in the living room. A stale quiet
suffocates the house. The only sound the ticking of a clock
and the distant yelling of playing children.

Will comes in the kitchen door, throws down his backpack and
starts sifting through mail, coming across a BROCHURE FOR
ACADIA PARK. His face lights up.

WILL

Hey ma.

She's watering a couple plants, staring into the corner, mind
a million miles away. Only when one overflows and spills
onto her shoes does she snap out of it --

SHARON

Damn it, Will. You could've said
something.

She rushes past and grabs a rag.

ZACH (O.S.)

Will! That you?!

Will's dad, ZACH DENBROUGH (40), calls from the upstairs play
attic. Will goes over and looks up the stairs.

INT. DERRY SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Richie and THE RABBI, aka RICHIE'S DAD, read from the TORAH. Richie is repeating and learning pronunciation of the words for his Bar Mitzvah, using a pointer to keep track of where he is. He's fidgeting --

RABBI
Would you be still, Richie.

RICHIE
Sorry.

RABBI
'You been listening to your tapes?

RICHIE
Can't I just lip-sync it? I gotta take a leak.

The Rabbi takes off his glasses --

RABBI
This isn't a joke. How will it
look if the Rabbi's son can't even
finish his Torah portion?

*

Richie crosses one leg over the other, holding it in. The Rabbi squares Richie up by the shoulders.

RABBI (CONT'D)
Answer my question. You trying to
embarrass your mother and I?

*

*

RICHIE
No sir.

RABBI
Or this temple congregation?

*

RICHIE
No sir.

*

He hands Richie the scroll.

RABBI
Do you even know where this goes?

RICHIE
Past your office... that pool thing
--

*

*

*

RABBI
(correcting)
The mikveh, --

*
*
*

RICHIE
Past the bathroom... to the closet
thing.

*
*
*

RABBI
Genizah.

*
*

INT. DERRY SYNAGOGUE, DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Richie takes the rounded staircase that spirals into the deeper foundations of the building. Holding the scroll, Richie puts the scroll in the Genizah. Having to pee, he goes to the bathroom door. It's locked. His need to urinate reaching a crisis point, he groans and looks to...

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INT. SYNAGOGUE, MIKVEH - SAME

Richie walks in, lowers his fly, and relieves himself in the pool. We see something walk down the hall behind him. He turns, quickly zips up his pants. A light comes from a room down the hall he could swear was closed.

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RICHIE
Dad?

*
*

Unaware, water overflows behind him from the mikveh, streaming past his shoes. Richie looks down, freaked, slams the door as if that will make it stop. The water backs him down the corridor, in front of the open room...

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INT. CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

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It's filled with tallit, or prayer shawls, hanging from ranks. A young MAN (Pennywise), unusually handsome, clean and fit for the environs, sits in the corner steaming them.

*
*
*

RICHIE
Who are you? Where's Mason?

*
*

The man smiles.

*

CLERK
Out sick, your dad asked me to
replace him.

*
*

RICHIE
The mikvah is stopped up.

*

The water floods in past his feet.

CLERK

You shouldn't have used it as a
toilet.

*

Richie goes red.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I won't tell the rabbi if you
won't.

RICHIE

It was an emergency I swear.

CLERK

I heard you having trouble with
your readings.

The Man places his hand on Richie's, which he notices is now
unnaturally pale, almost bone white like a cadaver's.

*

*

CLERK (CONT'D)

We could study together down here?
In private.

*

*

Richie sees a clown's cuff peaking from under the mans
sleeve, he quickly jerks his hand away.

*

*

CLERK (CONT'D)

Mason told me what you really want.

*

*

Richie runs out of there as Pennywise eyes him, smiling.

*

CLERK (CONT'D)

I wear that underwear you like.

*

*

INT. BINGO HALL - DAY

*

Ping pong balls with numbers on them dance around in mid-air
inside a bingo blower. One is sucked to the top, plucked out,
and read aloud by the BINGO CALLER on stage.

*

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*

BINGO CALLER

*

B-thirteen.

*

MRS. KASPBRAK, an enormous 300-pound woman who takes up an
entire bingo table, claps like a giddy school girl. She
hands her son Eddie the bingo chip.

*

*

*

MRS. KASPBRAK

*

Just one more, Eddie bear.

*

Eddie places the bingo chip. He hears someone PSSSSST to him from a kitchen attached to the hall. *

IT'S WILL, who peers in from the door, waving for Eddie to come. Eddie shakes his head, stuck. *

The bingo balls start dancing on air again.

Will scampers through the sea of bingo tables and elderly people with his head down, up to Eddie. *

WILL
Hey Mrs. K., can I borrow Eddie for the afternoon? *

MRS. KASPBRAK
Where you boys off to? *

WILL
Uh, just my backyard. We got a new slip and slide. *

She looks them over, assessing whether this is a lie. *

WILL (CONT'D)
My parents will be supervising. *

A number is called.

BINGO CALLER
C-eight.

An old man a few tables down raises his hands in joy. *

OLD MAN
Bingo! Bingo! Bingo! *

Everyone looks his direction, deflated. Mrs. Kaspbrak slaps down the chip, discouraged. *

MRS. KASPBRAK
Sweetie, just don't go rolling around on the grass. You know how your glands get inflamed. *

EDDIE
I know, ma.

WILL
I'll take good care of him, Mrs. K. *

Eddie jumps up to leave with Will when Mrs. Kaspbrak's meaty claw snatches his wrist. *

MRS. KASPBRAK
Give mom a kisseey kisseey.

*
*

Involuntary and close, Eddie gives her a peck on the cheek.

*

EXT. KANSAS STREET - DAY

*

Will and Eddie bike down the street. Richie comes riding up behind.

RICHIE
Hey, hold up.

They skid to a stop and Richie rolls up.

EDDIE
I thought you had Jew practice?

Richie suppresses his horror. He wants to say something but doesn't. Instead he sniffs his armpits.

RICHIE
Still 100% Jew. Where you two
goofs off to?

EDDIE
Where you think?

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

All green globes, curving iron staircases, and shadowy charm. Ben explores the stacks, a labyrinth of aisles and nooks where a pair of eyes two aisles away can stare at you through the stacks.

THUMP!

The librarian, MRS. STARRET (50s), slaps a dusty old book on a stool behind Ben, who startles.

MRS. STARRET
I found it behind a radiator in the
basement.

BEN
Thanks, Mrs. Starret. Why wasn't
it in the stacks?

Mrs. Starret offers a thin smile.

MRS. STARRET

Isn't it summer vacation? I would think you'd be ready to take a break from the books.

BEN

I like it in here.

He glances at a newspaper on a table there, a headline with a grisly photo reads: "BODY FOUND BY CANAL NOT CORCORAN BOY"

BEN (CONT'D)

My mom works two jobs so it's better than being home alone.

MRS. STARRET

Well, a boy should be spending his summer outside with friends. Don't you have any friends?

INT. SAME - LATER

Ben slides the dusty old book to him, its jacket reads: "A HISTORY OF OLD DERRY BY BRANSON BUDDINGER." He glances up towards the window just as the THREE BOYS race by on their bikes. He takes a sullen breath and opens the book.

Flipping through he finds PHOTOS HAVE BEEN DEFACED, scratched over with a red pen so that they all resemble, yes that's right -- A CLOWN.

This goes on page after page, from loggers drinking beer in the Silver Dollar in 1880's to little kids on an Easter egg hunt at the Old Ironworks in 1905 to FBI men standing over a bank robber's bullet-riddled getaway car in the 1930's.

He finally comes to a page "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, BEN?"

Ben slams the book shut and pushes it away. He looks around the library, spooked. Mrs. Starret blithely stamps books behind her desk. Everyone goes about their business.

PLUNK!

A quarter spins around a glass jar behind him, thrown in by a ONE-ARMED OLD MAN wearing a U.S.S. Indianapolis cap. He takes a STAMPED POST CARD from a tray there, a post card tacked above reading:

LIBRARIES ARE FOR WRITING TOO.
WHY NOT WRITE A FRIEND TODAY?

A light goes off in Ben's head.

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Beverly opens her fridge. There's nothing in it but a plastic jug of margarine, some half-molded white bread, and suspect milk. She sniffs the milk.

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly sips the milk, leaving a wholesome white mustache on her upper lip. She looks up to see...

Her Mother, MRS. MARSH (30s), a former prom queen long since faded, watching her. Studying her.

MRS. MARSH

Bev.

BEVERLY

Yeah, Mommy?

MRS. MARSH

Look at my pretty girl.

Mrs. Marsh sounds like she might be on sedatives. She walks to Beverly and leans towards her, placing their faces inches apart. With thumb and forefinger, she wipes her daughters upper lip.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)

You had your monthly, yet?

Beverly jerks her face away.

BEVERLY

What?

MRS. MARSH

Bleeding, between your legs?

Disgusted, Beverly shrinks further away.

BEVERLY

Why?

MRS. MARSH

You look more and more like me
every day.

*

She reaches out and takes one of Beverly's hands.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)
When it happens, once every 28
days, you'll bleed, and for us
Marshes, we bleed the most right
before the end.

*

Beverly tries to remove her hand from her mother's, but the
harder she pulls away the harder the Mother holds onto her.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)
Go down stairs and see Mr. Keene.
He'll help you. You'll need to buy
these.

*

Mrs. Marsh holds up SOMETHING.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)
You do that for me, honey. Okay?

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER

*

Ben sits on the library steps, brow furled in concentration,
and dashes off something onto a stamped post card.

*

*

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

*

Ben, post card in hand, walks under a STATUE OF THE GOVERNOR
OF MAINE, a little man high atop a tall plinth. The statues
eyes seem to follow Ben as he walks by below. Ben, sensing
this, looks up unnerved.

*

*

*

*

Standing over the post box, Ben looks at the post card, reads
it out loud oblivious to Travis, Snatch, and Patrick
Hockstettler stepping out of Victor's Trans-Am.

*

*

*

BEN
*Your hair is winter fire,
January embers
My heart burns there, too.*

*

*

*

He drops the card in the post box.

TRAVIS (O.C.)
Miss me, man tits?

*

*

Ben turns just as Travis and Patrick Hockstettler snatch him
from behind.

*

*

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I warned you, didn't I?

*

*

Ben's face goes pale as they drag him into the car.

*

EXT. KISSING BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Travis and the boys kick Ben out of the car onto a steel
girdered bridge. Graffiti from hundreds of hearts and names
of lovers that crosses the Kenduskaeg stream where it enters
into the wild, untamed Barrens.

They fling Ben against the railing and flip up his
sweatshirt, exposing his fat belly. Snatch slaps it hard.
Ben screams like a rabbit, whipsawing back and forth.

SNATCH

Look at that jelly jiggle!

Victor squishes Ben's belly almost sexually, SQUEALING like a
pig in Ben's face. Hockstettler pulls out his lighter and a
can of hairspray.

HOCKSTETTLER

Let's light him up like Michael
Jackson.

Hockstettler jettisons a fireball with his makeshift flame-
thrower just past Ben's head.

TRAVIS

No, he's gonna jump for us.

Travis pulls out a buck-knife from his jeans, pressing its
point to Ben's bare belly.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Up on the rail or I spill your guts
on your sneakers.

Ben steps up on the wood railing, grabs hold of the top strut
and looks down at the bubbling water 20 feet below.

VICTOR

Go on. Don't be such a quitter.

BEN

What are you-?

SNATCH

The counselor tol' my momma that
your momma moved here 'cause you
went up on a roof to take a dive,
came up short on balls.

TRAVIS

Time to finish what you started,
fatboy.

Ben sees a CAR crossing the bridge. An OLD COUPLE behind the wheel catch eyes with Ben, see his tears, and STEP ON THE ACCELERATOR, motoring on with glazed looks.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
See. No one's gonna care. Now jump.

SNATCH & VICTOR
Jump!

TRAVIS
Jump you Pussy!

Ben jumps, grabbing hold of a beam and tucking his legs up, suspended now over the river.

Travis sticks the knife in the rail and picks up Ben's backpack, tossing it over the edge.

Ben struggles to hold himself up there. He sees a lone RED BALLOON trapped in the bridge's trusses.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
How 'you doing Tubesteak?
(exaggeratedly deliberate)
Are your legs get-ting ve-ry
hea-vy?

Ben's strength finally gives out -- as his hold loosens his legs struggle for purchase on the railing. No dice. He drops, tumbling backward over the side, as he falls dislodging the knife from the bridge's rail --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
My knife!

Ben and the knife plunge into the shallow rapids, Ben fetching up hard on some rocks, blood wafting into the water.

ANGLE - BEN

Surfacing under the bridge, seeing his backpack.

TRAVIS (O.C.) (CONT'D)
We're coming for you Fuck Nut! --
you'd better have my fucking knife!

Ben looks at his chest, all cut up and bloody with something SHINY protruding from his shirt --

A FLY HOOK

attached to a line which Ben's eyes follow to --

A FLY FISHERMAN.

BOB GRAY (O.C.)
Are you hurt?

Ben shakes his head, still dazed.

BOB GRAY (CONT'D)
(to Travis and his boys)
You little fuckers better scram, or
I'll whip you silly with this rod.

Travis and his boys pause, confused.

BOB GRAY (CONT'D)
I said, fuck off. Now!

Wearing waders and a big floppy hat, the fisherman turns his attention back to Ben, we now recognize him as BOB GRAY -- the unpainted incarnation of PENNYWISE.

He picks Ben up and looks him over.

BOB GRAY (CONT'D)
Let me give you a hand.

Ben, unsure whether to be thankful feels hair rising on the back of his neck as the stranger leans in closer, unhooking his lure.

BOB GRAY (CONT'D)
Is it really twice now you didn't
jump? You should do your mom a
favor and off yourself.

BEN
What?

BOB GRAY
Anyone can see. You're a ton of
extra weight for her, Fatboy. You
think you'd float?

Ben backs away, Bob Gray is about to lunge when Travis and the others come on down the culvert.

TRAVIS
(to the others)
My old man brought that knife home
from 'Nam. If I don't find it-

They come splashing into the stream. Looking around...

BOTH BEN AND THE FISHERMAN ARE GONE

SNATCH
Where'd the fisherman go?

*

WILL
Guys?

EDDIE
Seriously. Have you ever
heard of a staph infection --

WILL (CONT'D)
Guys shut up!

*
*
*

They all shut up and turn to Will, holding a sneaker.

RICHIE
Shit, don't tell me that's--

WILL
He wore galoshes.

He flips Richie the sneaker, nods to look inside. Richie flashes his key-ring light, sees "D. CORCORAN" written on the sole in black marker. He tosses it away like a hot potato into the water.

WILL (CONT'D)
You idiot.

EDDIE
Who's sneaker is it?

Will fishes it out with a branch, afraid to touch it.

WILL
Dorsey Corcoran.

EDDIE
Shit. For real? Oh fuck. I'm
freaking out.

RICHIE
How do you think Dorsey feels?
Running around these woods with
only one friggin' shoe.

EDDIE
What if... what if he's still here?

They all lock eyes. Richie picks up a stick and starts sloshing deeper into the dark pipe where the shoe was found. Eddie stays frozen.

RICHIE
Dorsey!?

EDDIE
Really! Stop! We're gonna get in
trouble. Richie!

RICHIE

What?

EDDIE

My mom will have an aneurysm if she
finds out I was playing down here,
I'm serious.

*

RICHIE

Eds, you get within twenty feet of
a peanut she has a cow. Come home
with Dorsey Corcoran's corpse, she
might have a whole herd.

EDDIE

That's not funny. So not funny.
Will?

Will, who has been uncommonly quiet, finally speaks.

WILL

If I was Dorsey I would want us to
find me. Georgie too.

He dumps out a bag of marshmallows and bags the shoe.

RICHIE

Great. Those were perfectly good
marshmallows. Ruined. You guys
are killing me--

He turns to go just as BEN STUMBLES FROM THE WOODS all
bloody. Eddie SCREAMS and backpedals into the pipe with Will
and Richie, the very place he was avoiding. The three boys
all gape at Ben, framed by the light of the pipe opening.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Holy fuck man. What happened to
you?

EXT. RICHARD'S ALLEY - DAY

The kids tear into the alley, dazed and bloody Ben riding
double with Richie, bikes clattering to the pavement under a
giant colorful mural about the FBI's ambush of the infamous
Bradley Gang, a celebrated slice of Derry town history.

*
*
*

WILL

You guys wait here.

Will and Eddie runs across the intersection, dodging traffic,
and duck into a pharmacy on the first floor of an apartment
building.

*
*
*

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Beverly is loitering shyly in an aisle of feminine products when Will and Eddie burst through the storefront door. Eddie goes straight for the cotton balls and antiseptic and bandages while Will digs around his pockets for cash --

WILL

Shit.

He pulls out two crumpled dollars.

WILL (CONT'D)

You have an account here don't you?

EDDIE

You crazy? My mom finds out I bought this stuff for myself I'll spend the whole weekend in the emergency room getting x-rayed.

They glance at the mirror where MR. KEENE (50s) the grumpy, eagle-eyed pharmacist watches them like a hawk as he fills prescriptions. Bev comes up behind. *

BEVERLY

Where's the fire?

WILL

Like you care.

EDDIE

There's a kid outside looks like someone killed him.

BEVERLY

I do care. Let me help.

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Beverly puts her tampons down at the counter. Mr. Keene smiles at her.

MR. KEENE

For your mom, little lady?

BEVERLY

That's right. I like your glasses, Mr. Keene. You look like Clark Kent.

MR. KEENE
(flattered)
Oh, I don't know about that.

BEVERLY
Can I try them?

Surprised by the request, he tentatively takes them off and hands them to Bev. She puts them on and smiles back.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
What do you think?

MR. KEENE
Did Lois Lane wear glasses?

She takes them off and hands them back, fumbling his glasses onto the floor.

BEVERLY
Shoot. Sorry.

MR. KEENE
It's okay.

He leans down to grab them. Beverly looks to Will and Eddie who grab the bandages and race out of the store.

EXT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Bev strides out. Will waits for her by the curb. *

WILL
Thanks.

He tries to give her his crumpled dollars. She flashes a pack of STOLEN CIGARETTES.

BEVERLY
Even Steven.

She sees the other kids across the street. She recognizes Eddie and Richie--standing--then, Ben, slouched on the ground. *

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(to Will)
Cool of you to look out for him.

She waves to Ben, Eddie and Richie. *

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(calling to Ben)
Get laid in the shade.

She walks off down center street. Will is smitten and Ben's brought himself to his feet. Will and Eddie come running over.

RICHIE
What was that about?

WILL
Nothing. C'mon this blood won't clean itself.

They all take off again. Panning up to the mural we notice, painted in the shadow of one of the windows, a white face watching the ambush with a bloodless, sinister smile.

PENNYWISE

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

All the boys have gathered in Ben's room. Will helps Ben dress his wounds while Eddie and Richie play with his junk and generally turn the room over.

WILL
Takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin', huh?

Ben looks at his scratched-to-shit Timex, still ticking.

BEN
My mom got it for me for curfew.
She's not around much to pick me up or anything.

RICHIE
I think he means you, Big Ben.

Richie finds two walkie-talkies like Will's.

BEN
I just wish Beverly didn't see me all gross like that.

RICHIE
She's the girl they all say--

WILL
Cork it, Richie. They're just dumb rumors.

RICHIE
(into the walkie)
Guess we know who else has a crush.

Ben and Will swap looks. Eddie notices Ben's walls are covered in Xerox copies and historical drawings, all relating to Derry's history.

EDDIE
What's the history project?

One is a newspaper article with a picture of the iconic Derry Standpipe next to that of an unhappy mother and her five beaming kids. The headline screams: Mother of Five Drowns Her Children in Derry Standpipe. *

BEN
Oh, uh, when I moved here I didn't have anyone to hang out with or anything, so I just started spending time in the Library.

All of the boys turn and look at Ben. Seriously?

EDDIE (earnestly) RICHIE
Like the "Reading Rainbow"? He's a regular Hardy Boy.

WILL
I love that show.

Will and Richie take a closer look. Another Xerox shows a 1961 photograph of a shack on fire by the canal at night, its only door barricaded by a pick-up, surrounded by men in white sheets who carry torches and shotguns -- the Maine Legion of white decency. Black patrons who were inside flop out the broken windows on fire, or are already burned corpses collapsed on the ground outside. It's horrible. Hand written in the corner are the words "THE BLACK SPOT." *

RICHIE
Why is it all, like, people getting killed and missing kids and stuff?

BEN
I don't know. That's Derry I guess.

EDDIE
Like any town, right, been around long enough, bad things happen? I mean, all history is a long line of bad things happening to people.

RICHIE

Try reading the Torah.

BEN

Yeah, but Derry's not like any town
I moved to. And we've moved a lot.
Did you guys know people die
violently here or disappear like
six times the national average?

WILL

You read that?

BEN

(nodding)

That's just adults. Kids are
worse. Way worse.

Will sees a copy of an old-timey document with 90 signatures.
INCORPORATION OF THE TOWNSHIP OF DERRY.

WILL

What's this? Declaration of
Independence?

BEN

The charter for Derry Township.

RICHIE

Nerd-alert.

BEN

No. It's cool. Derry started as a
beaver trapping camp.

RICHIE

Christ, where's all that beaver
today? Am I right?

Richie looks to the other boys and laughs. Will offers a
conciliatory smile to this remark.

EDDIE

Aren't you supposed to be Jewish?

Richie thumps him in the stomach.

BEN

237 people signed the charter that
made Derry Derry. Then, a year or
two later, they all disappeared,
without a trace.

*
*
*

EDDIE

The entire camp?

Eddie is freaked out by this revelation.

BEN

There were rumors of Indians but no sign of an attack. Others thought it was a plague or something. It was like everyone just woke up one day and left.

*

RICHIE

Maybe we could get Derry on Unsolved Mysteries!

WILL

Where was the original colony built?

*

*

Ben points out on an old map then transposes the location to a modern map.

BEN

You know where Neibolt Street ends?

RICHIE

You mean that creepy ass house where all the junkies and hobos like to sleep?

WILL

I hate that place. It's like it's watching you.

EDDIE

Can we stop talking about this please.

They all turn to Eddie, who looks disturbed.

RICHIE

It's just a house, Eds. Not like it's gonna eat you.

EDDIE

Shut up.

WILL

Leave him alone, Richie.

BEN

I didn't mean to--

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't sweat it. What's the point of all this anyway. What are you gonna do with it?

BEN

Just killing time I guess.

RICHIE

Benny boy, if you're gonna start
killin' time with us fools, do it
right.

Richie opens his backpack, full of teeth-rotting and MSG-
filled goodies. The kids pounce. Will looks thoughtfully
over the walls, then at his own muddy shoes.

EXT. HANLAN'S BURGER JOINT - DAY

*

Will hands Dorsey Corcoran's shoe, still wet in a marshmallow
bag, a map rolled into it, to CHIEF BORTON (50s, pudgy). The
wall behind him is plastered with fliers of kids, each with
"MISSING" or "MURDERED" over their smiling faces -- with
names like Dorsey Corcoran, Betty Ripson, Chad Lowe, Missy
Albrecht, and others aged 3 to 19.

WILL

We found it in The Barrens. The map
says where.

The Chief unrolls the paper: A MAP OF DERRY, X MARKS THE SPOT
IN "THE BARRENS".

CHIEF BORTON

Thank you, son, eagle eyes you got
there.

*
*

WILL

If it's a serial killer aren't you
supposed to call in the FBI or
something?

The chief looks up at Will, annoyed.

*

CHIEF BORTON

We don't need outsiders poking
their noses into our outhouse.
Derry can take care of her own.

Borton nods for Will to go.

WILL

You're still looking for my
brother, Georgie, aren't you?

*
*
*

Gravely, remembering who this kid is finally.

*

CHIEF BORTON

We are. But it's not likely we'll
find a trace of him, son.

*
*
*

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

*

Beverly sits alone in her living room watching CHITTY CHITTY
BANG BANG. A group of adults congregate in the kitchen
drinking and smoking, Bev's dad MR. MARSH holding court, her
mom serving everyone like a little nervous hummingbird. A
FAMILY FRIEND noticing her peels off from the group and joins
her on the couch.

*
*
*
*
*
*

FAMILY FRIEND

(off the TV)

You like old movies?

*
*

BEVERLY

They're okay.

*
*

FAMILY FRIEND

Not me. They never have held my
in'rest long, I mean, well, you
think you're looking at a hot
little todody, then it hits you,
that bitch on TV who is making your
pecker stand to attention is
probably dead or all shriveled like
a raisinette.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He snorts pleasantly at his own comment, offers her a pinch
of chewing tobacco. She refuses.

*
*

BEVERLY

I gotta pee.

*
*

She gets up. He pats her on the ass.

*

FAMILY FRIEND

Fetch me a beer while you're at it.

*

Bev looks into the kitchen, terrified her dad saw. Instead
she locks eyes with her mother who just looks away as if
nothing happened.

*
*
*

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beverly finishes peeing. She reaches for toilet paper but
there isn't any. She rifles through the toiletries under the
old fashioned sink basin looking for anything she can use-

☾

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

Help me.

Beverly looks around for the voice, startled.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Help me, Beverly.

It comes from THE SINK DRAIN, above her head.

She stands, her pants still around her ankles, leaning forward over the basin, looking down into the dark void.

BEVERLY

Is s-someone there?

Nothing. BEV'S EYE PEERS DOWN THROUGH THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

We all want to play with you.

She gasps, backpedaling, pulling up her pants. The single voice turns into a cacophony, bubbling up through the ages.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Come play with us, Beverly. Come
play with the clown. You'll float.*

Terrified, Beverly dashes out.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will's mom washes the dinner dishes while Will sits at the table and eats a bowl of ice cream. Zach flips through a *Popular Mechanics*, still in his overalls from the DERRY PUBLIC WORKS.

WILL

Did you guys see the brochure today?

No response. Finally his dad stirs.

ZACH

Sorry?

WILL

Acadia. I thought we could start planning our park trip this year.

His dad stops mid flip, looks to Will's mom who's on edge.

WILL (CONT'D)
Otter Cove. Bubble Pond. Cadillac
Mountain.

His mom throws down a dish and, unable to compose herself,
storms upstairs. All the air goes out of the room.

WILL (CONT'D)
What did I say?

Zach wants to respond but can't. He goes to the sink and
turns of the faucet.

ZACH
Sorry, champ. Your mom and I, we--

WILL
If it's about money, I'll mow
lawns, paint fences, whatever.

ZACH
It's not that.

He fiddles his wedding ring. Zach is too upset to look his
boy in the eye.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Your brother just looked forward to
this trip so much, you know. It was
his favorite.

He takes Will's bowl of ice cream, throws it into the sink
and goes, Will's spoon left hanging over nothing.

WILL
Mine too.

*

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

*

Beverly tip toes into the kitchen, trying to be invisible to
all the adults, especially her daddy, who watches her with
something between pride and hunger.

*

*

*

She opens the fridge, the door shielding her as she swipes a
TAPE MEASURER out of her father's tool belt, and pockets it.

*

*

Bev shuts the fridge, a beer in hand, and slams down in front
of the creepy family friend as she walks from the room.

*

*

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beverly stands over the sink basin, tape measure in hand. The voice is silent.

BEVERLY

Hello?

She unfurls the tape into the drain, its tip disappearing into the void.

FOOT BY FOOT she snakes the tape into the drain, until it's fully extended at 20 feet. She waits for a voice. Nothing.

Slowly, she begins to reel the tape back in, counting down the length as it winds back in. 16 feet... 15 feet... 14 feet... AT 13 FEET VISCOUS BLOOD COATS THE TAPE.

BEVERLY GASPS and drops the measure. It goes clattering into the sink, the tape coiling up like a snake, blood flickering everywhere as she stumbles back, tripping into the shower.

BLOOD BUBBLES UP FROM THE SINK DRAIN

Like a demonic ejaculation -- blood splatters the mirror, the wallpaper, bouncing off walls and covering Beverly. She SCREAMS and runs out the door...

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...into her father, who comes charging up the hall. She screams again, recoiling away.

MR. MARSH

What the hell, Bevvie?

*

BEVERLY

The bathroom! In the bathroom--

*

He takes her hand. They step into...

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Marsh looks around, eyes wide, blood splattered everywhere, but the blood doesn't register with him.

MR. MARSH

What's my tape measure doing outta my toolbelt?

He steps over and grabs the BLOOD-COATED TAPE, clipping it onto his belt, blood on his hands now too.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

You should ask me if you want to
touch my things. I ask you, don't
I?

BEVERLY

I-- I--

He doesn't seem to see any of it. Only Beverly can. She
realizes this.

He pulls back the shower curtain, leaving behind bloody
fingerprints. A spider scurries toward the drain.

MR. MARSH

Was that it? A spider?

Bev's speechless. She staggers back. He catches her wrist.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

Bevvie, you okay?

BEVERLY

Yes. That's it. The spider.

MR. MARSH

(smiling)

I thought so. They can't hurt you.
You know that don't you?

He crushes the spider under his boot, grinding it in.

BEVERLY

Yes, sir. Sorry for making a fuss.

*

Some of the other guys gather at the door, also not seeing
the blood.

*

*

FAMILY FRIEND

She okay?

*

*

MR. MARSH

It's nothing. She just needed her
daddy.

*

*

*

He comes over to her, smoothing out her hair over her
forehead, proprietary. The blood on her face like finger
paint. This is when he scares her the most.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

I worry about you Bevvie. You know
I worry a lot.

*

*

*

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
I know daddy.

*
*

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
You look different every day but
you're still Daddy's special girl.

*
*
*

He looks her up and down.

*

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Tell me you're still Daddy's
special girl?

*
*
*

She averts her eyes, nods, placating. Satisfied, he goes back
down the hall to his game. Beverly darts into her bedroom,
slamming the door behind.

*
*

INT. DETAIL ON CEILING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON a wet, dark spot as it grows on a white plaster
ceiling, the first droplet of water forming. SLOW MOTION as
it breaks away and falls through space...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...onto Will's face. He doesn't stir. More droplets follow.
TAP, TAP, TAP. Finally, WILL awakes. Looks up at:

A leak in the ceiling.

Will flips back his covers.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will grabs a bucket from a utility closet and, walking back,
sees the door open to the ATTIC PLAYROOM, a light on...

*

INT. ATTIC PLAYROOM - NIGHT

*

Will enters, the room frozen in time. GEORGIE'S TOY BOX is
open, a Lego Turtle standing next to it, as if taken out to
play.

*
*

Will picks it up and sits down, Turtle in hand. He indulges
in the sadness that has engulfed his home for months. The
loss of his brother hitting him full force, he closes his
eyes to fight back the tears, but cannot.

*

He cries for George. Photographs of George, illuminated by passing cars, seem to watch him from the walls.

A SHADOW seems to stretch across Georgie's room from the doorway.

Will looks up but no one is there.

INT. BEDROOM CORRIDOR - WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

*

Will comes down the attic stairs and finds DARK FOOTPRINTS IN THE CARPET. He leans down and touches one -- squishy and wet. They track down the dark staircase.

*

Will, heart pounding, follows the wet footprints down the stairs, careful not to step in any of them.

WILL

Dad?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

At the bottom of the stairs Will finds the footprints lead TOWARD THE KITCHEN WHERE...

WILL

Ma?

Will sees a RED FLASH of something ducking around the corner. Startled, Will drops the Lego turtle, which smashes into pieces and scatters across the wood floor...

*

Will hears Georgie's "cah-cah" coming from the kitchen.

Will looks back up the stairs half-expecting his parents to wake up. Nothing but an eerie silence. He gathers his courage and follows the wet footprints into...

INT. KITCHEN - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Will steps in, face to face with THE CELLAR DOOR, the door creaking closed, light snapped on behind it, footprints disappearing down into the cellar.

Will responds with his own "cah-cah". But there is no response.

Will slowly approaches the door and reaches out for the handle, but stops with second thoughts. He starts backing away, too spooked to go down, when he hears...

A CHILD WEeping BEYOND THE DOOR, then...

WILL
(voice quivering)
Georgie?

The "cah-cah" comes from the basement.

INT. CELLAR - WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Will opens the door, rickety stairs leading down into darkness, the weeper somewhere in the recesses, along with the steady sound of a LEAK.

Steeling himself, Will descends. He gets to the last few rungs and is thrown off for a moment seeing HIS REFLECTION in the basement floor, as if it were A BLACK MIRROR. He realizes

THE CELLAR HAS FLOODED

Will looks up toward the leak/weeping sound and sees, curled in the same corner where we had that opening POV...

GEORGIE IN HIS RED SLICKER.

Rain rolling off him like he's still in a storm flooding the cellar. He looks up at Will, his skin bloodless, paper thin.

GEORGIE
Don't be mad at me Willy, losing
our boat. Please don't be mad.

WILL
Georgie?

Pennywise, unseen by Will, observes the exchange from a corner of the basement. His opened mouth exposes sharp pointed teeth dripping with saliva, his hands are in rubbing rotation around each other like the paws of a grooming cat. Will's started to step into the water, now pauses, his left foot above the surface. He looks to Georgie whose expression of distress seems insincere.

GEORGIE
It just floated off. But, Will...

Will grabs a rake from the wall and pokes its tip into the water. Impossibly, it goes ALL THE WAY TO THE HILT.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
If you come with me, you'll float
too.

In an endless cascade, water and muck pour from Georgies' mouth as he says these last words.

Will recoils, back-peddling up the steps.

Georgie starts to glide over the water toward Will, who realizes there is a creature beyond it, its white face half-submerged, propping up Georgie's body like a MEAT PUPPET.

PENNYWISE begins to surface.

Horrified, Will bolts up the steps, slamming and locking the basement door behind him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will runs out of the kitchen, sliding on the scattered Legos and cutting his feet. He bounds up the stairs right into...

WILL

Ahhhhh!

His dad, wearing PJs. His mom shows at the door, not happy.

ZACH

Easy! What's with all the slammming?

INT. WILL'S HOUSE, BASEMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Will and Zach stand over the stairwell. Zach turns the light on and walks down, as the horrified Will perceives it, into a pool of water...

WILL

Dad? Don't! The water....

ZACH

Dry as a bone, Will. Sure it wasn't just a dream?

Will wraps his arms around himself, too freaked-out to speak.

INT. BEDROOM - BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Beverly stirs awake. To silence.

Groggy, and nearly sleep-walking, she pads across the floor to her bathroom. Camera lingers on her sheets and pillows, smeared with BROWN GORE.

*

Angle on BEN'S HAIKU POEM tucked under her pillow. *

As we pan to the bathroom, Bev clears the first crust from
her eyelids and looks into the mirror. She let's out a
choked, exhaling GASP OF HORROR. *

Her face is CRUSTED WITH DRIED BLOOD. *

EXT. EDGE OF THE BARRENS - MORNING

Will, Richie, Eddie and Ben stand at the edge of a police
cordon manned by Chief Borton. A LINE OF OFFICERS, SHERIFF'S
DEPUTIES and VOLUNTEERS sweep the woods with blood-hounds.

CHIEF BORTON

The Barrens are off limits for now.
Go into town and play.

WILL

But the shoe. Shouldn't you be
looking in the sewers not-- *

Borton is a harried, humiliated figure -- *

CHIEF BORTON *

Kid, I got public works all over
it. Now let me do my job. *

The Chief walks away. They all look on in disappointment. *

EDDIE

At least they're on the case again.

Ben has a brain fart.

BEN

There's that quarry on the edge of
town. *

Will and Richie lock eyes. Genius! *

RICHIE

Last one there smells my pair!

They all jump on their bikes and go. Ben swings his butt
like a girl, racing his bike after his new friends.

EDDIE

Wait. Pair of what? Hold on! Pair
of what?

PAN OFF to a police dog picking up a scent near A MORLOCK HOLE -- a cement cylinder that sticks about four feet out of the ground with a vented iron manhole cover stamped: *DERRY SEWER DEPARTMENT*. A drone comes from somewhere deep within.

INT. TRAVIS BOWERS HOUSE - DAY

Travis puts cream on FRESH BELT LASHES across his back. All around him on the walls are posters of monster trucks.

A HONK from outside.

He throws down his shirt and goes.

EXT. TRAVIS BOWERS HOUSE/BOWERS ABATTOIR - DAY

A shack of a house on a multi-acre ABATTOIR COMPLEX along the river. Manure filled pig pens stand empty. Travis runs out past them to Victor, Snatch and Hockstetter waiting in Victor's Trans Am. Hockstetter sits in the passenger seat.

TRAVIS

Out.

HOCKSTETTER

I thought--

TRAVIS

Did I fuckin' stutter?

Hockstetter gets in back with Snatch.

VICTOR

Your dad get on you about the knife?

Travis looks across the yard to his father BUTCH BOWERS (40s, 'Nam ballcap) who corrals 20 PIGS ready for slaughter with kicks and curses. A path leading from the pen grows narrower as it feeds into a creepy windowless building. Employees sweep blood and viscera out the other side into the river.

TRAVIS

That fat ass knows he touches me
I'll rip his head off. Drive.

EXT. IRONWORKS - DAY

The four kids -- Will, Eddie, Ben and Richie bike down a country road past the titanic ruin of a blasted old factory building, the Kitchenor Ironworks.

*
*
*
*

Something seems to watch them from within as we pan off to a
brass plaque placed by the Derry Historical Society:

ON THESE PREMISES
AN EXPLOSION TOOK THE LIVES
OF 88 OF OUR CHILDREN.
EASTER SUNDAY, 1905.
MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE.

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

A flooded granite pit with water black as night, graffiti
sprayed everywhere. We linger on the swaying rope swing
which suddenly -- uncannily -- stops. In the background, as
if on cue, four boys come into view, pushing their bikes.
Will, Ben, Richie and Eddie. As if the quarry was waiting
for them....

EXT. QUARRY - LATER

Will, Richie, Eddie, and Ben, all strip to their tightie-
whities (except Ben who still has a T-shirt). They stand in a
line staring at the edge, the black water foreboding,
endless.

WILL
Who's first?

RICHIE
Eddie?

EDDIE
Screw that.

BEN
I'll go.

EDDIE
Ben, with those cuts you have on
your chest, I'm not sure if getting
in this water-

RICHIE
Will you stop with the grey water
shit. You make it seem like any
water we get in is like swimming in
an out-house.

BEN
What's grey water?

RICHIE
Don't get him started.

WILL
I'll go first.

BEVERLY (O.C.)
Gang of sissies.

The boys turn around to see Bev stripping out of a one piece summer dress down to her underwear. Before they can comprehend what's happening, she sprints off the edge and jumps into the water. BOOM. Cannonball.

The boys, not wanting to be showed up by the girl, take one last look at each other and jump in. SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

All except for Eddie, who crawls down the brick outcropping and stares at the screaming and laughing kids enviously.

RICHIE
What are you waiting for? Why
don't you get in you pussy?

Eddie dips the toes of one of his feet in. Flabbergasted, Richie gives up on motivating Eddie.

Richie dives under the water and swims beneath the kicking legs of all his friends, a shark's P.O.V. He doesn't notice...

Deeper, beneath his own feet, something else floating in the depths of the quarry, waiting, watching -- PENNYWISE.

On the surface Bev swims up to Will and Ben.

BEVERLY
Hey, Ben from sosh. Looks like you
got some more friends to sign your
yearbook.

BEN
Will told me what you did for--

Ben yelps, something yanking his leg. Richie surfaces.

BEN (CONT'D)
Very funny, Richie.

RICHIE
(to Ben)
Show her your scars yet?

BEN

What do you mean?

RICHIE

Dude, chicks love scars. Take that shirt off and she'll be all over--

Something yanks his leg too. Hard. He and Ben wait for whoever it was to surface from the inky water.

They notice Will and Bev swimming back toward Eddie on the edge of the quarry. They scream and swim their asses back to land.

EXT. QUARRY, SHORE - LATER

*

Will, Bev, Ben, Richie and Eddie now sunbathe on the rocks at the edge of the pond. Their eyes are closed, soaking in the vitamin D, except Ben, who can't take his off of Beverly's tanning body.

RICHIE

Good call, Ben. Points for you.
How'd you know about this place?

*

*

*

BEN

It was on one of my maps.

*

*

Will sits up and looks out at the water. It is so black it seems other worldly. Not breaking his stare from the water, he addresses the group.

WILL

I... If I tell you guys something
you won't think I'm crazy?

Richie, Beverly, and Ben, who have all seen "things", know what Will is going to say without him having to say it. Their hair collectively spikes on their necks.

WILL (CONT'D)

I saw Georgie last night.

EDDIE

Like, a ghost?

WILL

He tried to get me in the basement
with him.

RICHIE

Sounds like your neighborhood sex
offender making a house call.

WILL

It wasn't just him. I saw this
other...

EDDIE

What'd you see, Will?

BEN

The Clown.

*

Everyone looks to Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)

I saw it under the kissing bridge.
It tried to scare me too.

WILL

I think it wanted to do more than
scare.

RICHIE

Okay I take it back. You guys all
sound like serious whack jobs.
Tell 'em, Eds.

Eddie stays mum, as if he's sitting on a revelation of his
own.

Beverly, eyes still closed, places a cigarette in her mouth
and lights up. Ben notices her hands shake as she holds the
cigarette in her mouth. The smoke swirls and dissipates over
them.

BEVERLY

I need to show you guys something
back at my place.

*
*
*

VICTOR (O.C.)

Lookie lookie.

*
*

Across the quarry, Travis, Victor, Snatch and Hockstetter
walk up the path leading around the water filled pit. They
carry six packs, a boom box, and several BB guns.

*
*
*

SNATCH

A slut and four jack-offs.

*
*

Beverly wants to split with her crew --

*

BEVERLY

Let's go.

*
*

TRAVIS

Who ya gonna tug it for first,
Marsh?

BEVERLY

(flipping him off)
I dunno, they draw straws.

Will, Ben, Richie and Eddie have grabbed up their things --
they and Beverly start to split.

Travis trains his BB gun on Beverly --

TRAVIS

How did you losers become friends
with the towns finger puppet?

BEVERLY

Go fuck yourself, moron.

Beverly turns her back on him and walks away, her cohorts
following.

HOCKSTETTER

She's got balls.

Travis' face goes dark, he pushes Hockstetter off the edge
into the quarry. Hockstetter starts howling and splashing
like a cat.

SNATCH

Shit, Travis, you know Hockstetter
can barely swim.

TRAVIS

Guess now's his chance to improve.

ANGLE HOCKSTETTER

-- coughing and spitting as he dog-paddles toward a rock
embankment.

ANGLE - UNDERWATER

-- Hockstetter's feet and the lower half of his body can be
seen. Something's coming at him from below, BODIES OF DEAD
CHILDREN, dressed in their turn-of-the-last-century Sunday
best.

ANGLE HOCKSTETTER

-- suddenly yanked at from below.

HOCKSTETTER

Jesus!

ANGLE TRAVIS AND THE OTHERS

-- watching Hockstetter's arms grasping futilely at the air as they disappear below the surface.

VICTOR

He's drowning.

-- staring at the water, not sure what to do, waiting for Hockstetter to resurface.

TRAVIS

Shit.

Travis finally rips off his shirt, dives in --

ANGLE UNDERWATER

-- and searches around the depths for Hockstetter. Nothing. Suddenly...

AN ORANGE LIGHT EMANATES FROM BEHIND

Travis looks back, eyes going wide, sucking in the black water at whatever he sees... (The Deadlights)

He surfaces, Victor and Snatch looking down.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I can't find him. He's fucking gone.

SNATCH

Shit. What are we gonna say?

Travis gives a glare. Victor shoves Snatch and he falls into line.

EXT. LOWER MAIN STREET - DAY

The FIVE boys and Beverly stand outside her slummy apartment building. She looks frightened to go inside.

BEVERLY

My Daddy will kill me if he finds out I had boys in our apartment.

WILL

We should leave lookouts. Ben?

Ben is ready to protest but knows no one will contradict Will. Will, Richie and Eddie go with Bev.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bev opens the door. It creaks open. The apartment seems to be empty. Afternoon sunlight illuminating floating dust motes. She scouts around and lets them in.

Will, Richie, and Eddie follow her to a closed door at the end of the hallway -- THE BATHROOM DOOR.

BEVERLY

In there.

RICHIE

What are we about to walk into?

BEVERLY

You'll see.

RICHIE

Did we just win the publishers clearing house 10 million dollar sweepstakes? If Ed McMahon is in there I'm going to lose my shit-

She has no intention of going in. Will pushes past Richie and opens the door.

EDDIE

Oh God. Oh God.

THE BLOOD

Still there, faded into maroon clouds on the mirror and wallpaper. Richie reels back into the hallway with Beverly. She looks from Richie to Will.

BEVERLY

You see it?

Will nods.

WILL

What happened?

Bev is so relieved she almost cries.

BEVERLY

The sink. It came out from there. My Dad couldn't see it. I thought I was going crazy.

Something lands for Will. He goes to Eddie, who starts to hyperventilate.

WILL

You okay, Eddie? Eddie Kaspbrak?

Eddie snaps to it, suddenly more composed, resolute even.

WILL (CONT'D)

Go outside. Keep Ben company, okay?

Eddie just nods and walks out the door.

WILL (CONT'D)

Richie?

RICHIE

(slackjawed)

What?

Richie finally looks at him.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

It's like someone slaughtered a friggin' pig in here.

WILL

We can't leave it like this.

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Will, Richie and Bev clean like grim elves, using a bucket of hot water, ajax, and some cloth rags. Slowly the blood washes out. Reaching for the same rag, Will and Bev's hands touch, a spark between them.

EXT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie and Ben stand lookout on the curb below. Eddie still disturbed by what he saw.

BEN

So what did her room look like?

EDDIE

How should I know. Ask Will.

BEN

(jealous)
Why, did she take him in there?

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There was so much blood.

BEN

You think it's all related?

Eddie just stares ahead, wrestling with something.

BEN (CONT'D)

Eddie?

EDDIE

I think I saw it too.

INT. BEVERLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Will pours the last bucket of pink water down the bathtub drain. The bathroom now as clean as it ever was. The bucket is filled with blood stained rags. *

RICHIE *

I'm just saying the most logical explanation is some weirdo, some random druggie or whack-job creeping around town getting his jollies dressing up and scaring kids. *

WILL *

Okay, and he can rig a geyser of blood through Beverly's sink? *

BEVERLY *

Or make Georgie appear in Will's house? *

RICHIE *

I don't know. Who knows what crazy things people can do, right? *

WILL *

The cops. *

Pebbles hit the window. Richie goes over, sees BEN AND EDDIE JUMPING UP AND DOWN. The sound of footsteps come up the hallway. They look at each other, who's the extra footsteps?

INT. STAIRS TO BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Marsh fumbles with his keys outside the door.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

They race through the apartment to a window that opens to a fire escape into the alley. Bev throws it open and the boys climb through. She follows and shuts the window behind them.

Mr. Marsh enters the hallway, sensing something amiss. He sees a bloody rag on the counter, picks it up and squeezes, pink bloody water dribbling down his forearm.

EXT. HANLAN'S BURGER JOINT - DAY

Chief Borton, OFFICER NELL (20s), and a group of law enforcement folks enjoy burgers and dogs after a long day of searching through the woods.

CHIEF BORTON

Son, you forgot the mustard.

Mike walks around the tables bussing trays and drinks. He sees a flier with the picture of DORSEY CORCORON under the caption "ONE OF THE MISSING" laid out with mustard on it.

MIKE

It's Mike, sir.

From over the griddle in the streamliner, proprietor Leroy Hanlan calls to his son.

LEROY

Mike.

(to Mike, as he arrives)

Why make a point out of something like that.

MIKE

He's country, Dad.

Just then a little fleet of bikes come skidding into the parking lot and Will, Bev, Ben, Eddie and Richie jump off. They scramble up to Chief Borton's table.

WILL

Chief! Chief Borton!

OFFICER NELL

(blocking the way)

Whoa, whoa, what do you want with the Chief?

WILL

We know what's been taking kids.

Borton's not happy about lowering his burger. *

CHIEF BORTON *

Someone try to pull something with
you boys? *

(eying Bev) *

And girl. *

WILL *

I saw it as Georgie. *

BEN *

I saw it as the clown. *

Mike, bussing tables, overhears -- *

EDDIE *

At Neibolt it was a hobo. *

BEVERLY *

We think maybe it only wants to
hunt kids. *

Borton assesses them all with a hard eye. *

CHIEF BORTON *

All one person, huh? -- a hobo, a
seven-year-old, and a clown. You
realize you could be incarcerated
for wasting police time like this? *

WILL *

It's the truth! Something terrible
wants to kill kids here. *

BEVERLY *

And it doesn't help, you hiding
behind your badge. *

WILL *

How many kids have to disappear or
show up dead before you admit
something's going on? *

CHIEF BORTON *

No one's denying that something's
going on. That don't mean I need to
be told how to do my job. Now get. *

There's a note of desperation in the cop's voice, as though,
if the depth of the problem were to be acknowledged, they
would have to admit they were in Hell. *

WILL

Yeah, have another french fry.

*
*

CHIEF BORTON

Get the Hell outta here.

*
*

EXT. HANLAN'S BURGER JOINT - DAY

*

The kids grab their bikes, discouraged and dejected. Mike hustles around the corner with a tray of free dogs and burgers for Will and his crew.

MIKE

Hey wait!

Will and the others turn and look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You aren't crazy. I seen it, too.

*

The kids realize they have a new ally.

*

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER A MANHOLE COVER MARKED "DERRY PUBLIC WORKS"

JULY 4TH

↓

A foot steps over it, the first of many, as we pan up to...

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

*

A parade passing by us, proceeding along the canal.

Kids on bikes festooned with streamers... creepy stilt walking Uncle Sams waving sparklers and American flags... Shriners Club geezers driving miniature cars... clowns throwing out balloons from the back of a fire truck...

*

Will, Eddie, Mike, Bev, Ben, and Richie peddle by on bikes behind the cheering crowd on the sidewalk, seemingly the only citizens of Derry not part of or watching the parade, headed somewhere ON A MISSION OF THEIR OWN.

*

They duck and weave through pedestrians on their bikes, almost running into CHIEF BORTON, who staples a flier to a post with Patrick's moon face grinning back at us: "PATRICK HOCKSTETTER: ANOTHER ONE OF THE MISSING."

*
*

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET - DUSK

Will and the gang bike past a "DEAD END" sign down a street with crumbling asphalt that runs along the canal and OLD TRAIN YARD.

They skid up to a plot infested with giant ratty sunflowers that hem in an abandoned, boarded-up structure with a rotted, sloping facade that looks like Munch's The Scream.

THE HOUSE ON 29 NEIBOLT

EDDIE
This is a terrible idea.

RICHIE
C'mon, Eds. Where'd you see it?

EDDIE
Uh-uh. No.

WILL
It's not like we're going in. It's all boarded up.

EDDIE
So why are we here?

Bev unzips her backpack and dumps a pile of fireworks out: Black Cats, Bottle Rockets, Smoke Bombs. Everything you need for an explosive fourth.

ALL THE BOYS
Holy fuck!

RICHIE
(imitating Paul Hogan)
You call those firecrackers? This is a firecracker.

Richie pulls a bag of M-80's from under his pockets and adds it to the cache.

BEVERLY
Insecure about size, Richie?

As a coup de grace Beverly pulls out a pack of taped MORTAR the size of fried chicken bucket.

ALL THE BOYS
No way!

BEVERLY
Will said come prepared.

Will and the others turn to Eddie, who just holds himself, scared.

*
*

WILL
We'll just peek through the windows. Promise.

*
*
*

RICHIE
We see anything scary you can give the secret signal.

*
*
*

Mike hands him a firework.

*

MIKE
Or shoot IT in the face.

*
*

EDDIE
I don't want to shoot anything. Will, please. I just want to go home.

*
*
*
*

WILL
So does Georgie. So does every kid who's disappeared. If they're in there we can do that for them. Get them home.

*
*
*
*

EDDIE
But we're just kids.

WILL
Yeah, and only we can see IT. Which means only we know where to look. Please, I need to know if he's in there or not.

*
*

Eddie nods then, face sheet-white, points.

*

EDDIE
There. I saw it there.

*
*

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET - DUSK

The kids venture up to the house, the ground all marshy and wet. Eddie takes the rear. They come up to a creepy dark crawl space under the FRONT PORCH.

Will kneels down and sees a filthy blanket, some needles, and porno magazines. A small BROKEN WINDOW leads into the basement.

WILL

Shit, it's not boarded-up after all.

*

He looks back to the others, who spark to a shared idea.

*

EDDIE

No way. You promised.

*

BEN

You can stay outside. Keep a look out.

*

EDDIE

Alone?

*

WILL

Someone can stay with you. Bev?

*

*

BEVERLY

Nope.

RICHIE

But you're a girl.

BEVERLY

Hey, Richie. Go fuck yourself.

She pulls out a pack of matches and lights one, blowing it out. She puts the BURNT ONE in her hand, along with four others, and closes her fist, the match tails sticking out.

WILL

Luck of the draw?

BEVERLY

Now pick.

Will picks a match. Its head unburned. Richie does the same. Also not burnt. Mike and Ben follow. The same.

BEN

Sorry, Bev.

She opens her hand to show the last match -- ALSO NOT BURNT.

RICHIE

You jiggered it.

BEVERLY

No I swear! Look!

She holds up her hand. The soot from the burned match visible. They all look at it, then each other. Awed.

EDDIE
So who's staying with me?

MIKE
No one. We all go down.

EDDIE
What? Why?

Will puts his arm around Eddie.

WILL
Because somebody up there wants us
to.

EDDIE
What if it's somebody in there?
He nods to the black abyss of the basement.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

One by one the kids drop down into the dark, dank space,
landing on a COAL BIN filled with chunks of dirty black coal
that blacken their hands and clothes, fed by a chute.

BEVERLY
This place stinks.

MIKE
I smell it too. Smells just like
the Old Ironworks where I saw--

Will nudges him, nodding to Eddie, who looks freaked.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

RICHIE
Just don't breathe through your
mouth.

BEN
Why?

RICHIE
'Cause then you're eating it.

MIKE
That ain't gonna kill you.

Bev smiles at Mike.

Eddie clings to Will, who surveys the small storage room. Even here, an anemic sunflower or two grows through cracks in the rotting foundation.

EDDIE

We shouldn't be here. I'm telling you.

A piece of plywood sprayed with vile graffiti is the only thing between them and the interior cellar. Will nudges it and it goes falling back into the darkness with a SLAP!

He looks to the others.

WILL

Stay close.

*

Bev pulls out sparklers.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

Sparklers burning, Will and Bev lead Ben, Mike, Richie and Eddie into the main room of the cellar, which somehow seems bigger, more sprawling than the house above it.

Their sneakers slosh through an inch of stagnant water that covers the floor. In one corner is a stack of old rusty bed frames, and in another hulks a huge creepy coal furnace.

*

RICHIE

Cozy.

Ben investigates the middle of the space. Will snoops around the furnace.

BEN

This is probably it.

WILL

What?

Will grabs a coal stoker and uses it to open the furnace door.

BEN

Where the town well once was. In the original settlement.

MIKE

How the heck do you know that?

RICHIE

Newsflash. He's a dork.

BEVERLY
Shut it Richie.

Ben hops up and down. For a moment it's all good.

CLANG! Will drops the coal stoker and everyone looks.

EDDIE
Oh no no no.

THE FLOOR COLLAPSES UNDER BEN'S FEET. His spot in the cellar going dark.

BEVERLY
Ben!

All the kids rush over and find him clinging to a piece of rebar over a black pit. THE WELL. Mike and Will pull him up.

EDDIE
I told you! I told you!

*

RICHIE
Shut up, Eds.

WILL
You okay?

Ben's too shocked to respond. They all peer down into the well. Bev lights another round of sparklers for everyone and drops one down the hole. They watch it drop and drop and drop, until it's finally swallowed by the blackness.

RICHIE
Maybe this wasn't such a hot idea.

BEVERLY
Seriously, Ben, say something?

BEN
One too many donuts.

They laugh. Still, he's shaken. Bev dabs at the bloody gash on his cheek. Eddie, who hyperventilates, jabs himself with his epi-pen.

*

MIKE
What's his problem?

*

Will takes them all to the furnace and shows what's inside:
GEORGIE'S PAPER BOAT

*

EDDIE

You said we wouldn't even go in.
It's here I know it. We need to
go. Now!

*
*
*
*

Will tries to grab the boat, but upon his touch it turns to
billyow ash. Undaunted, he looks to the stairs.

*

WILL

Who's coming with me?

*
*

Bev, Ben, and Mike step up. Eddie starts to hyperventilate.

*

RICHIE

(indicates Eddie)
I'll stay with Mr. Woopie Cushion
here. Just leave us some
sparklers.

*
*

INT. NEIBOLT STREET, 1ST FLOOR - DUSK

A door opens in the middle of the kind of creepy hallway you
have nightmares about. Rotted, water-stained wallpaper with
elves on it peels like dead skin from the scummy walls.

Will sticks his head out. He looks left, nothing. He looks
right, where there's a PARLOR, fingers of sunlight filtering
in through cracks in all the boarded-up windows.

As Will disappears into the stairs again, the door closes,
revealing...

A BALLOON drifting into view.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, BASEMENT STAIRS - DUSK

Will still has his hand on the door knob.

WILL

All clear.

Bev nods. Let's go.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR - DUSK

The balloon is GONE. Will, Bev, Ben and Mike all file out,
sticking close to the filthy walls. They step over needles
and rubbers as they make their way down the hallway.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

Richie and Eddie huddle together alone in the dark basement, their friends' footsteps creaking the floorboards above them, dust sprinkling down onto their heads. Richie lights two new sparklers and throws the used ones into the well.

RICHIE

I know what the Eddie-bear likes.

He pulls out a Ding Dong. Eddie doesn't look convinced.

INT. NEIBOLT STREET, 1ST FLOOR - DUSK

Will's group enters the parlor, which is crammed with pillar-like objects covered in grimy white sheets scattered throughout the room.

The kids creep through the maze of furniture, made to feel vulnerable by whatever is lurking under the covers and in the shadows.

Bev taps Mike on the shoulder, gestures quietly to a black pair of toes that poke out from under one of the sheets. Mike nods to Will, who cocks his coal stoker and --

YANKS BACK THE SHEET

Revealing a creepy wood-carved Indian with a huge headdress. Mike literally pisses himself with fear, a puddle forming by his leg.

BEN

Mike?

MIKE

That's what I saw. What tried to kill me. At the Ironworks.

He looks at his now wet pants.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shit.

WILL

It's okay. When I saw Georgie I did the same thing.

BEVERLY

Me too.

BEN

I shat myself a little.

Everyone laughs. Mike feels better.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

Richie and Eddie stuff Ding-Dongs in their faces. Suddenly
THE TWO USED SPARKLER STICKS are tossed back in front of
them, tips dipped in blood. Eddie looks to Richie and they
both look back toward...

THE WELL

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, 1ST FLOOR - DUSK

Ben opens the door of a huge old ARMOIRE, inside of which he
finds a frighteningly cluttered array of scribbled names on
the doors -- DORSEY CORCORAN, GEORGIE DENBROUGH, etc. They
date back decades, detail the deaths and disappearances of
innumerable children.

BEN

Whoa.

Beverly sees an artwork buried deep in the back. She moves
the threadbare children's clothes and pulls out:

A framed 18th century etching depicting a couple praying
before the gates of a country house to an orange moon, their
backs to a front garden littered with the corpses of children
being eaten by a rudimentary, yet recognizable figure -- not
bodied as a clown but in the form of a humanoid demon.

BEVERLY

Look. That's him, that's--

WILL

IT.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

A scabrous, white hand is slowly clearing the well's wall,
folding its fingers on its edge. The top of a head begins to
be exposed, the forehead, the eyes....

RESUME RICHIE AND EDDIE - TRANSFIXED

The boys look at each other --

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Will, Ben, and Mike come up to Bev's discovery. They hear Richie and Eddie SCREAM FROM DOWNSTAIRS.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

The two boys book it out of the cellar. Richie scrambles up the coal-chute, Eddie right behind.

RICHIE

C'mon!

Richie reaches out to grab his hand.

A hand seizes Eddie's pant-leg and tugs him violently back down. Eddie bounces off the metal bin and slams onto the cracked concrete, his arm twisted at an unnatural angle.

Sneering down at Eddie is...

PENNYWISE morphed into the form of the hobo ridden by syphilis, nose rotted and lips bitten bloody --

PENNYWISE/HOBO

What would mommy say, Eddie? See what happens to little boys playing in all that gray water? Isn't that what your mama's been worried about?

EDDIE

You know my mama?

PENNYWISE/HOBO

Sick people are a hobby of mine.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, 1ST FLOOR - DUSK

Will and the others race back down the hall, only every T-intersection seems to lead to another T-intersection. The cellar door impossible to find.

BEVERLY

What's happening?

Will looks around, then uses the coal stoker to pry open the nearest boarded-up window.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, BASEMENT - DUSK

Richie PULLS THE PIN on the coal bin and a mountain of coal avalanches down onto the hobo, knocking it away from Eddie and pinning the hobo to the ground. Richie jumps down and helps Eddie up.

EDDIE

My arm, I think it's--

He howls as Richie boosts him up the chute.

PENNYWISE'S VOICE

Don't touch the other boys, Richie.

Horrified, Richie looks back at Pennywise digging his way out of the coal.

PENNYWISE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Don't or they'll know your secret.

Mike appears at the window, extending his hand.

MIKE

Gotcha.

Mike pulls him out by his good arm. Will appears in the window, stoker in hand.

WILL

Richie, watch out!

Pennywise has dug himself out, now more pissed than ever. He lunges at Richie who's scrambling up the chute.

RICHIE

Ahhhhhhh!

Will plunges the stoker into IT's eye. It instantly recoils, howling, groping at what's now impaled in its face.

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET - NIGHT

Richie's pulled out and the kids stumble through the sunflowers to their bikes, Eddie riding double with Ben. They book it away from Neibolt, the whole house seeming to laugh at them from behind, just as...

BOOM!

4th of July FIRE-WORKS start to explode over Derry.

INT. VICTOR'S TRANS AM - NIGHT

*

Parked on the baseball diamond behind Tracker Brother trucking, Travis and Gretta make out in the back, her hands moving around his crotch. Victor is in the front seat, his hand down a girl's pants. Snatch is outside, necking a third girl against the outfield fence.

TRAVIS

Faster.

BOOM. The sky erupts in dazzling light and color AND CONTINUES TO with fireworks THROUGHOUT AND UNTIL THE END OF THE FOLLOWING SCENES.

GRETTA

You sure I'm doing it right?

Victor cackles from the front.

VICTOR

He can't get it up?

*

Travis glares at him. Takes Gretta's hand and yanks it out of his pants.

TRAVIS

What did you say?

VICTOR

Nothin' man.

Travis keeps his eyes trained on them as Victor turns his attention back to his girl. Gretta flicks his ear.

*

*

GRETTA

Hey.

He ignores her. BOOM! Travis studies how Victor and his girl hook up. Gretta flicks him again in the ear.

Gretta, begging for attention, flicks his ear one last time, hard.

GRETTA (CONT'D)

You two want to be alone or--

Travis whips around and grabs Gretta by the neck, so hard she gasps for breath.

GRETTA (CONT'D)

The fuck.

He starts to force her head down to his lap.

GIRL #1

Travis, you're hurting her.

Gretta grabs her purse and swings open the door.

GRETTA

Fuck you! Let's go.

BOOM! Her girlfriends follow, pushing Victor's and Snatch's hands away.

VICTOR

Wait--

Travis tries to grab Gretta. Gets out.

TRAVIS

C'mon, it was just a joke.

GRETTA

You're a joke. Your dick's the size of a tampon.

She wiggles her pinky. Travis jumps out of the car, fists clenched, ready to explode.

GRETTA (CONT'D)

What, you wanna beat up a girl?

He backs down, humiliated -- especially in front of his friends. Gretta looks to her girls and they go.

GRETTA (CONT'D)

Have fun jerking each other off.

VICTOR

Fuck 'em, man. Bitches.

Travis fumes.

SNATCH

The worst kind of blue balls. Now what are we gonna do?

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! A series of flashes illuminate everything around them. Travis sees something that makes him smile.

Will and the others on bikes coming around a corner.

INT. OLD CAPE STREET - NIGHT

BOOM! More fireworks. Illuminating the Trans Am as it roars up behind Will and the others on their bikes, the car flashing its brights, dangerously riding their asses.

WILL

Guys, move!

The kids part just in time for the Trans Am to plow through.

Travis grabs the wheel from Victor and checks Will off his bike with the car. Will goes flying into Bev and Mike and causes a pile up.

The Trans Am fishtails to a stop about 50 feet ahead, blocking their way. Travis laughs from the open window.

VICTOR

Man, you coulda killed him.

SNATCH

Or us.

Bev and Mike help Will up from the pavement. They look back to Richie and Ben with Eddie, whose arm doesn't look good.

BEN

What are we gonna do?

MIKE

You guys realize he can't beat us?
Not together. Stand up for
yourselves!

BEVERLY

He's right.

RICHIE

But Eddie's arm?

WILL

Just stay behind us. Keep him
safe.

Will looks to Bev, who nods.

TRAVIS

No point in running, might as well
just accept what's about to happen.
To all of you.

WILL
Fuck off, Travis. We're not afraid
of you.

Travis turns to his boys, determined to assuage his thirst.

TRAVIS
Say it again.

WILL
I s- said--

Beverly drops her backpack, and holds up her 6-BARRELED
MORTAR aimed horizontally at the Trans Am.

BEVERLY
He said, "fuck." "off."

THUMP!

She fires, the recoil throwing her back into Will while the
rocketing projectile explodes inside the car with the three
boys, who shield their faces, SCREAMING.

Before they can recover Mike runs up and tosses TWO MENTOS
COKE BOMBS through the open window on everyone's laps. The
bottles explode, bouncing all around the car, coke spraying
everywhere.

VICTOR
My fucking car!

Will and Ben follow up with a barrage of bottle rockets,
which whistle past from every which way.

TRAVIS
Go go go!

Travis stamps his foot over Victor's on the gas, and they
peel off down the street.

The kids jump up and down, cheering their victory.

Bev kisses Will impulsively, then shies back, the last of
Derry's 4th of July fireworks display exploding overhead.
Ben sees this and his face falls, like he's been kicked in
the gut. Richie, nursing his foot, holds Eddie, wary of the
celebration.

EXT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will and the gang BANGS on Mrs. Kaspbrak's door. She opens
it, sees his broken arm and freaks.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Kaspbrak shoves Eddie into the back seat, hysterical.

MRS. KASPBRACK

You. You did this!

She slams the door on Eddie and fumbles for her keys.

MRS. KASPBRACK

You know how delicate he is.

WILL

We were attacked, Mrs. K.--

MIKE

Bowers and those guys.

MRS. KASPBRACK

Don't! Don't even try to blame someone else. What could they possibly have against my Eddie-bear?

RICHIE

He exists?

MRS. KASPBRACK

Think you're funny? You said something didn't you? Opened that big kike mouth of yours.

Richie slinks back, shaken. Mrs. Kaspbrack pulls out all sorts of garbage from her purse: Kleenex, deflated balloons until she finally finds the keys, dropping them.

BEVERLY

Let me help.

She smacks Beverly away.

MRS. KASPBRACK

Back! Get back! What's a little girl even doing with a gang of boys like this. If I was your mother I'd be sick. Sick!

WILL

Mrs. K, I swear--

MRS. KASPBRACK

No! You're monsters. Reckless, selfish monsters. Eddie's done with you, you hear! Done.

She jumps into the front seat and turns the engine.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

I don't want to see any of your
faces ever again!

She slams the door and the car squeals out of the driveway.
Will and the kids stand all rag tag there, low and shaken.

EXT. KANSAS STREET - DAY

Will, Richie, Bev, Ben, and Mike walk home in silence.

WILL

Hey, at least we got Bowers off our
backs.

BEN

You're kidding right.

BEVERLY

What's wrong?

Ben seethes with jealousy.

RICHIE

Besides Eddie breaking his arm? Or
some shape shifting demon monster
almost having my guts for garters?

MIKE

We hurt it. Will stabbed it in the
face. That's something.

BEN

Great, so next time it will just be
madder and bigger and not mess
around to kill us.

BEVERLY

We can't pretend it's going to go
away. It's not. Ever.

RICHIE

So what are you really going to do
about it? Nothing, that's what.

(to Will)

I'm tired of us following Nancy
Drew here. I thought you were MY
friend?

WILL

I am.

RICHIE

Then why are you trying to get me -
why you trying to get all of us
killed like you got your brother
killed.

A deep cut. Richie moves to go. Will blocks him.

WILL

I didn't get my brother killed-

RICHIE

Out of my way, Will.

WILL

Take it back! You're scared. We all
are. But take that back!

They start shoving each other.

RICHIE

No! You're a bunch of losers and
you'll get yourselves killed trying
to find this stupid killer, and
none of it makes any difference.

Mike and Ben step in to separate them. Ben checks Will to
the pavement.

BEVERLY

What are you doing!

She drops to Will's side.

BEN

Richie's right. Will doesn't care
about anybody but himself. We all
have shit too. I'm sick of it.

He helps Richie up.

RICHIE

See you boners at my Bar Mitzvah.
Or not.

Richie and Ben go. Will looks to Bev and Mike. What was six
is suddenly now three. *

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD over the PENOBSCOT RIVER:

AUGUST

Tilt down to the OVERHEAD shot of what we expect to be "Derry 1989", but instead we see NOTHING, just the intersection of a stream and river and the surrounding wilderness, towering black pines as far as the eye can see.

Derry, just as the first settlers arrive.

1625

*

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

A line of WHITE SETTLERS with tall hats, black Puritan clothes and deep set eyes that have seen a million hardships, forge through the dark woods.

They are led by a similar line of about 40 PENOBSCOT NATIVES.

In the middle of a river they come to a stop. Protective, concerned. The PILGRIM LEADER steps forward. A FRENCH TRANSLATOR works with the NATIVE LEADER. They speak in hurried hushed tones as the Native Leader describes the land in front of them in Penobscot Algonquian.

*
*

PILGRIM LEADER

What's he saying?

TRANSLATOR

Only broken land lies ahead.

PILGRIM LEADER

What would he have us understand by "broken"?

The Translator conveys the Pilgrim's question to the Native Leader, and receives his emphatic reply.

TRANSLATOR

He answers "bad medicine, they go with us no further."

PILGRIM LEADER

That is arable land. Whatever dispute you have with the natives of this place we will explain to them is none of our fight. God bless our going forward.

The Pilgrim nods to his people and the settlers continue to forge ahead, passing through the line of Natives.

The Native leader can't help but look with great fear at the CLUSTER OF LITTLE CHILDREN travelling with their parents.

A bird-like creature with HUMAN EYES watches them from the water.

*
*

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. PILGRIM VILLAGE - THREE YEARS LATER - DAY

*

A small village has been built within a logged out clearing on the riverbank.

*
*

In a thick pine forest nearby, MEN chop down a tree, while TWO KIDS PLAY ON LOGS floating in the water, one showing off for the other.

*
*
*

PILGRIM GIRL

*

Watch yourself, Avery!

*

The kids laugh and josh, jumping the water between them and keeping their balance upon to buoyant logs.

*
*

Unseen, a white hand darts out of the black water, grabs a AVERY'S leg, and pulls him under into the abyss.

*
*

The pilgrim girl's face goes pale.

*

Hearing the splash, the MEN look up -- seeing only one child standing on the waters edge.

*
*

EXT. WELLHOUSE - DAY

The Pilgrim Leader thatches a roof over a stone well in the center of the village, grabbing hay and filling it in. Through a gap he can see a teenage girl with a baby on her back filling a bucket.

He grabs some hay looks back, the bucket swinging wildly on the rope, the girl gone, only the baby left there on the lip of the well, crying.

PILGRIM LEADER

Hello? Sister Abigail?

He hurries down the ladder, looking back toward the garden where she was taking the bucket to the others and no sign of her either. Just as he jumps to the ground...

THE CRYING STOPS

He turns the corner through the door only to discover the BABY IS GONE. He looks to his feet, the ground of the well house squishy and wet.

EXT. PILGRIM VILLAGE - DAY

*

A wide shot of the village in a violent rain storm.

*

Axes swing and trees fall as the Pilgrim Leader directs the building of a fortification around the village, its spikes aimed outward at the dark and forbidding forest.

*

*

*

We crane up along a tree. The face of the Penobscot Native with razor teeth (read Pennywise) appears out of the bark of the tree, we continue to crane past the gnarled head that is looking for its next meal. On top of the tree a bird clings to a branch with HUMAN EYES.

*

*

*

*

*

EXT. FORTIFICATION - PILGRIM VILLAGE - NIGHT

*

A full, merciless moon shines on the isolated encampment.

*

Pilgrims stand watch on the new fence, vigilant with muskets.

*

The Pilgrim Leader directs a group of armed men off into the woods to recover their children.

*

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

*

The Pilgrim Leader's Wife jolts awake in bed, gasping and drenched in sweat. The fire burns dimly now and the Wife grabs the cumbersome musket leaning beside the hearth, lights a candle, and instinctively walks to the CHILDREN'S BEDROOM...

*

INT. CABIN - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

Where her four children crowd together asleep. The candle illuminates a sight that causes her face to drop into a horrified grimace --

*

PENNYWISE, naked, lithe, flesh pale and translucent, a half-formed imitation of a human, stands crouched over one CHILD -- her eyes wide, paralyzed by fear as this creature opens his maw full of large razor sharp teeth, dripping with saliva.

He jerks to the side and raises his hands, hissing at the Wife as would a startled beast.

WIFE
Move away Devil!

His voice is guttural, unnatural.

PENNYWISE

You mistake me woman. No mere
devil, I am the Eater of Worlds.

She drops the candle, whose wax starts to drip and draw the
flames amongst the irregular floorboards of the cabin.

WIFE

Move away. God protects us.

PENNYWISE

Then why do you carry that musket?

WIFE

(re her child)
She is innocent.

PENNYWISE

So you say.

WIFE

You have been murdering our people? *

PENNYWISE

I feed. You pray to God death will
not find thee? You pray to me.

WIFE

You lie!

The Wife fumbles to discharge the musket. Pennywise pinches
the wick, rendering the weapon useless. She falls to her
knees and clasps her hands. *

WIFE (CONT'D)

Take me then. Devil, take me in my
child's stead.

PENNYWISE

Too many bites of the Apple. *

He looks to the terrified and speechless child,
hyperventilating, and covered in sweat.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Look at her beautiful fear.

He arches his back and cocks his head in ecstasy, breathing
in with a raspy sigh. He crouches down to the child and,
opening his mouth, extends a long, tentacle-like proboscis to
her face as she begins to seize. His eyes roll back as he
speaks some unearthly tongue in a terrible sibilant tone.

The Wife's nightgown catches fire and Pennywise jerks his head to face her as she crawls to his feet.

WIFE

I pray Thee, take me.

He blows the flames out. His eyes fog over black.

PENNYWISE

I will. And then, her. And thy husband and the rest of thy children, and all the savages who brought you here. And when you all rot in the earth, I will pick thy bones dry until no meat is left to pick. And then I will seek out thy bones and consume thy souls until nothing is left but the weeds!

(beat)

Or you will occupy yourself otherwise and not interfere. I will take her and you will live, and those of thy other children in whom I take no interest. And you will thank ME fever and frost did not damn you to the soil.

The Wife looks at her daughter who continues to seize violently in the bed. They're both looking at her child. She begins to weep and crawls from the room.

Pennywise smiles and pauses to savor his meal. He eyes a makeshift WOODEN TRINKET around the Girl's neck carved in the likeness of a bee, yanks it off, and sinks his teeth in, devouring her as the other children sleep.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM

The Wife crawls to the fireside and covers her ears to block the sounds from the other room of Pennywise feasting on her daughter. She stares into the fire, glowing orange like the deadlights... it's clear what she sees in it DRIVES HER INSANE. Unable to take it, she lets out a blood-curdling...

*
*
*

EXT. WOOD - CONTINUOUS

*

...SCREAM echoes through the woods as the Pilgrim's spread out into the darkness, searching for their loved ones, only to be quickly snuffed out by the forest's shadow.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

INT. NEIBOLT STREET HOUSE, 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Pennywise holds up the Pilgrim child's wooden bee trinket to his now mutilated eye where Will gorged the poker, awash in the memories of what we just witnessed.

IT crushes the trinket, appearing rattled, scared even. Then looks into the armoire with the scrapbook of killed children, where one newspaper article in particular catches its eye:

"BOY, 8, DROWNS IN STORM DRAIN IN FREAK ACCIDENT"

Which is accompanied by a photo of Will and Georgie wrestling in the yard. With his grimy fingernail, Pennywise scratches a little clown face on Will in blood.

EXT. MONUMENT CIRCLE - DAY

Will and Bev walk down the street eating ice creams, past a Civil War monument in the middle of a cul de sac.

BEVERLY

Thanks. Thought you'd never ask.

WILL

Huh?

BEVERLY

January embers.

Will looks lost. It's clear he's not the author of the poem. Bev, crushed, does her best to suppress her disappointment.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

It's nothing. Just a poem I like.

They awkwardly eat their ice creams.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You going to Richie's Bar Mitzvah?

WILL

Not sure. Doesn't he hate me now?
Like my parents...

BEVERLY

Don't say that. It's not your
fault what happened. If they can't
see--

WILL

They can't see anything past
Georgie.

She smiles.

BEVERLY

It's funny, sometimes I wish my
parents thought I was invisible.

Beverly grows dark thinking about her real feelings. Will
wants to ask her something, but regrets it as soon as he
does.

WILL

Is it true?

BEVERLY

What?

WILL

Never mind.

BEVERLY

What?!

WILL

What those girls say about you.
You and the older boys.

BEVERLY

What do you think?

Will shrugs and looks away, embarrassed, afraid to say more.
Bev lets him off the hook.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

That I got passed around at Joanie
Arnot's party?

Will looks away, too embarrassed to confirm it's what he's
heard.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Would it matter if it was true?

WILL

You're my friend. I just want to
know you're okay.

BEVERLY

It's not true.
(meets his eyes, takes his
hand)
Thanks for asking.

Neither notice Mr. Marsh watching them, eyes alight, from a
phone booth cross the street. IT RINGS...

INT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie and his mom sit on the couch and watch soaps. Eddie doodles on his cast, not a friend's signature anywhere.

KRSSSST

WILL (O.S.)

Eddie? You there? Over.

His walkie crackles from a high shelf over the TV. Mrs. Kaspbrack looks at her son, eyebrows raised.

EDDIE

I turned it off, I swear.

She rumbles over to grab it and...

KRSSSST

WILL (O.S.)

You gotta listen to me. I'm sorry.
I should've never made you--

Turns it off. She looks out the window and sees...

WILL IN THE STREET

She goes to the window and throws it open.

MRS. KASPBRAK

I told you to stay away from my
boy.

EDDIE

Ma--

MRS. KASPBRAK

Away from the window.

She pushes him back. The stress of the situation starts to get to Eddie. He begins to hyperventilate.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

He's going nowhere with you. Get
out of here. Before I call the
police.

WILL

Right. Because they don't have
better things to do.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Get!

She slams the window closed. Will, hurt, bikes off. She turns to Eddie, who is having a panic attack, unable to breath.

*
*
*

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)
Eddie Bear! Where's your pen?

*
*

He holds it up. It's out.

*

EXT. TRAVIS BOWERS' BACKYARD - DAY

*

Travis, Victor, and Snatch SHAVE EACH OTHER'S HEADS with electric clippers in front of a dirty old mirror outside.

INT. KILLING PEN - BOWERS ABATTOIR - DAY

A bottle of Southern Comfort sits on a rail. THWIK!

Travis shoots it off with the pneumatic cattle bolt and the bottle shatters in a thousand pieces across the bloodstained floor. They all whoop and holler.

VICTOR
Holy shit!

SNATCH
Can I try?

He reaches for the bolt. Bowers pushes him back.

TRAVIS
Sure. Go put the next target out there.

Travis passes him another empty bottle.

VICTOR
Do you hear 'em? The pigs when they're, you know...

Snatch sets up the bottle across the pen.

SNATCH
Good?

TRAVIS
Yeah, now get the fuck back.

Travis turns on the air pressure and aims the bolt.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You don't hear jack shit cuz they
don't know what's coming.

BUTCH BOWERS (O.C.)

That so.

They all turn. Butch, Travis dad, is at the door. A bottle
of SoCo in hand. He snatches the bolt from Travis.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

I didn't know my boy here was such
an expert.

VICTOR

Mr. Bowers, we didn't--

BUTCH BOWERS

Shut up.

Butch punches a button, a door slides open, and a pig trots
in. Victor and Snatch have to jump out of the way, and perch
on the railing. The pig comes to a deadend in a narrow pen.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

Why don't you show 'em, big man.
Show 'em how you do it.

He offers Travis the bolt. Travis looks at it, scared to
take it.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

What's wrong? You said yourself
they don't know it's coming. Or
don't you remember the last time I
tried to get you to pull your
weight around here. Cried like a
little sissy.

Travis looks at his friends, who now look away.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

Don't look at them. Look at your
buddy there.

TRAVIS

Fuck this.

Travis tries to bull past but Butch pushes him to the floor,
eye to eye with the pig trapped in its little pen, oinks and
hisses in front of him, agitated.

BUTCH BOWERS

Get up. Up!

Travis gets up. Butch puts the bolt in Travis' hand.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

Do it.

Travis looks at the pig squealing, then at the bolt in his hand.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

I said do it.

Butch pushes his hand and the bolt against the pigs head. The animal knows what's coming and starts bucking and squealing in the cage. It's horrible.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

DO IT YOU FUCKING FAGGOT!

THWICK!

The bolts blows into the pig's head, blood spattering on Travis' face. The pig half collapses, still alive and now thrashing in its death throes.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

You fucked it up. Again.

TRAVIS

(crying)

I can't.

BUTCH BOWERS

Again!

Travis is frozen. Butch grabs the bolt and finishes it off. Victor and Snatch look on, horrified.

Still now, on the ground with blood pouring from its head, the pig is hooked by Butch and raised up so it now dangles snout-down in front of them.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

God DAMNIT! Meat's gonna be all gamey now. Taste like SHIT.

He grabs a gutting tool on the wall there, slices down the belly of the pig, and guts and blood spill out around his shoes.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

That's how a real man does it.

Travis vomits, slipping on the viscera onto the floor, covering himself in blood. Butch shakes his head.

BUTCH BOWERS (CONT'D)

(to the boys)

Look at him now boys. Nothing like
honest work and a little of God's
gore to make a paper man crumble.

(to Travis)

You ain't steppin' out of here
until you clean up this place,
startin' with this.

(re: the pig)

And you better not track a speck of
blood inside my house.

Butch spits out his disgust, stalks out of the killing pen.
CUE A VISUAL TRANSITION BETWEEN THE BLOOD AND WATER IN THE
HALLWAY OF...

EXT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL - DAY

ALVIN MARSH (40s), the gray-skinned janitor who's Beverly
Marsh's father, dumps a bucket of water that ripples down the
hallway floor. He's just begun his nightly chore when a bare
foot steps into the path of the flowing water.

Alvin looks up at a man wearing a hospital gown, his ass
hanging out. Beneath its wrinkles the man's face is familiar
to the audience even without the clown make-up.

MR. MARSH

Cafeteria just closed. Doesn't open
til 7.

PENNYWISE

Can't sleep. Hungry.

Sternly.

MR. MARSH

It's closed.

PENNYWISE

Alvin, when was the last time a
closed door kept either of us from
a little taste?

Marsh shifts uncomfortably.

MR. MARSH

I know you? When did you move in?

PENNYWISE

I've always been here. Don't you
remember?

MR. MARSH

What?

Marsh squints at Pennywise, recognition slowly coming into his features --

MARSH

Jesus Christ.

Urine soaks Alvin's leg, pooling around his boots.

PENNYWISE

She was so luscious. Only, what
13? You took your bite, then I
took mine.

MR. MARSH

No.

A sharp pain in Avlin's side. Mr. Marsh lifts up his shirt and an ancient scar appears along his side from no where. As if he'd been hurt years ago, but the marks of it had disappeared... until now.

PENNYWISE

I let you live so the feeding a
could go on, even while I slept and
dreamed, fear would steam from
between fresh white thighs and the
creak of a door when daddy slips in
for his midnight snack.

MR. MARSH

No, I cared for her. I worried for
her. I was protecting her from
you.

PENNYWISE

I know you did. But it's time,
Alvin. You have debts to pay to Mr.
Bob Grey.

Pennywise is meeting Marsh's gaze with all the hypnotic power the deadlights provide --

MR. MARSH

Bevvie.

PENNNYWISE

She hurt us, Alvin. For the first
time in eternity. Her and those
bad boys, they almost stopped the
circus.

Marsh is already under Pennywise's control --

MR. MARSH

Boys. I told her they're full of bad intentions.

PENNYWISE

I think she needs a reminding. I think they all need reminders....

MR. MARSH

The circus can't stop.

PENNYWISE

Remind them all who is who's little lady, and who is left to float.

Pennywise watches Marsh wheel his mopping apparatus off the floor, keep going out the door. As Pennywise himself moves to change out of his disguise --

INT. KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Mrs. Kaspbrack and Eddie are up at the counter with Mr. Keene, who fills the epi-pen perscription.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Thank you, Mr. Keene. Eddie stay here. Mamma has some things to get.

Mr. Keene smiles thinly as she goes. He looks to Eddie.

MR. KEENE

Want a pop?

EDDIE

I can't. Mamma says the sugar--

MR. KEENE

You'll be fine. Come back to my office. We'll pretend I'm giving you medicine.

Eddie follows Keene in back, as Mrs. Kaspbrak busies herself comparing painkillers.

INT. BACK OFFICE - KEENE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Mr. Keene opens a little mini fridge and pulls out a grape Crush. He cracks it for Eddie but doesn't give it right away. He nods to his cast.

MR. KEENE

Kept your cast pretty clean, I see.
You didn't want any of your friends
to sign it?

Eddie eyes the pop, then the door, getting anxious.

EDDIE

I'm not allowed to see them.

MR. KEENE

Why not?

EDDIE

Mom says they're the reason I got
hurt. Can I have my pop now?

Keene smiles. Holds on to it.

MR. KEENE

Mother knows best, is that it?

Eddie wants to say something but doesn't. He touches his epi-
pen unconsciously.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

You want your pop? Tell me the
truth.

EDDIE

In case I ever have an episode.
She says I could die.

Keene smiles. He finally hands Eddie the Crush. Eddie takes
a long gulp from the bottle, Keene looking on.

MR. KEENE

Eddie, you know I treat your momma
too. You know for what?

Eddie squirms.

EDDIE

I don't think we should--

Dr. Keene smiles, seemingly enjoying this. He takes the
bottle from Eddie and takes a swill of his own.

MR. KEENE

Fears, Eddie. Her head is full of
them. Anxiety, depression, even --
I don't want to scare you --
paranoia. Fears she likes to take
pills for. Lots and lots of pills.

(MORE)

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

But if she really took as many
pills as she pops, well, she might
pop too. You know, like a balloon.

He considers his next thought, then leans in, too close for
comfort for Eddie, handing back the bottle. For a moment
it's creepy. Like we could expect him to morph into
Pennywise. *

MR. KEENE (CONT'D) *

Do you know what a placebo is?

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - DAY *

Will sits on the edge of his bed, Richie's Bar Mitzvah
invitation in hand. He looks out the window to Richie's
house, presses the walkie button to talk, but doesn't know
what to say. CRACKLE-CRACKLE. *

Arguing comes from outside his door.

SHARON (O.C.)

Put it back up there! Put it back
now!

ZACH (O.C.)

I just thought, someone else--

INT. WILL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

His mother stands at the bottom of the attic stairs, blocking
his father, who holds the chest of Georgie's toys. *

SHARON

I don't care about anyone else.
This is all we have left of him.

WILL

Hey.

They both startle and look at Will standing there.

ZACH

Willy, we need a minute--

WILL

Why? To scream at each other?

SHARON

This is between your father and me.

WILL

And Georgie right? You, dad, and Georgie.

ZACH

Willy, stop.

WILL

I hate this. Tip toeing around you guys like I don't exist. Like I'm the one who died and the only one who's still here is Ge--

SLAP!

His mother hits him hard. She instantly regrets it. Runs down the stairs sobbing. Zach reaches out a comforting hand.

ZACH

Son--

WILL

I miss Georgie too.

ZACH

We know.

WILL

You know what any of us kids are going through? I doubt it.

Will shoulders past his father and runs out the door.

ZACH

Will, wait!

EXT. WILL DENBROUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

*

Will rushes out, jumps on his bike, and peddles away --
passing the storm drain on his way.

*

*

EXT. TRAVIS BOWERS' BACKYARD - DAY

*

Travis finishes cleaning up the pig guts per his dad's orders. He stares at the last of the pinkish water as it circles down the drain, in some kind of daze.

*

*

*

VICTOR

*

You okay, Travis?

*

An odd wind stirs through the grass around them there, a yellow menacing gathering of clouds overhead. Travis suddenly notices...

A BALLOON, bobbing over his mailbox, string connected to something stuffed inside.

Travis pushes past his two cronies and opens the mailbox, an orange light emanating from within.

THE DEADLIGHTS

Inside he pulls out THE RAMBO KNIFE. The one he lost at the beginning.

A murderous look screws onto Travis' face as he turns his attention to his shack of a house. And his pa inside. Travis snaps the string and starts toward the front door with the knife.

As the balloon rises up, it BEGINS TO RAIN.

INT. EDDIE KASPBRAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Kaspbrack stands with a bag from the pharmacy in hand. Eddie confronts her, eyes blazing.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Who told you that? Mr. Keene? That man has no right to say you're making up your sicknesses.

EDDIE

Not me, momma... You.

MRS. KASPBRAK

What?

EDDIE

He says I was never allergic until you made me start carrying around my Epi-pen. You put those allergies in my head.

MRS. KASPBRAK

That's a lie! A bold faced lie. The only thing I want in this world is to keep you safe and happy.

EDDIE

Then why did you send my friends away?

She starts to feel the fluttery bird of panic.

MRS. KASPBRAK
You were so sick when you were
little. So very sick.

EDDIE
You lied to me mamma. You've been
giving me medicine that's not
really medicine.

MRS. KASPBRAK
Eddie-bear, please--

He throws his Epi-pen at her feet. Mrs. Kaspbrak gasps.

EDDIE
My friends made me feel safe, and
it wasn't just pretend. So this is
how it's going to be...

Thunder claps outside. *

EXT. STREETS OF DERRY - DAY *

Will, still flushed with anger at his confrontation, bikes up
to Beverly's house through the rain. He's about to go up to
it when he sees... MR. MARSH walk up and head inside. *

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beverly, dressed in a pretty white dress and naively over
made-up face, heads for the door. She grabs an umbrella.

MR. MARSH
You're looking prettied up, Bevvie.
Where you going?

BEVERLY
A bar-mitzvah. I told ma-- *

He pats his knee, waves her over.

MR. MARSH
Well come over here, give your
daddy a minute.

She reluctantly goes over. Gives him a kiss. He snatches
her wrist as she pulls away.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

You know I worry about you, Bevvie.
I worry a lot.

BEVERLY

I know daddy.

She tries to go, but he holds on to her wrist.

MR. MARSH

People in town got to saying some
things to me. About you. Sneakin'
around all summer long with a pack
of boys. Only girl to the pack.

BEVERLY

They're just friends daddy, I
swear.

MR. MARSH

I know what's in them boy's minds
when they look at you, Bevie. All
too well.

He squeezes harder. It begins to hurt.

BEVERLY

Daddy, my hand--

MR. MARSH

Your ma says you're a woman now.
What's that mean? You been doing
womanly things down in the woods
with those boys?

He jerks her closer to him, proprietary.

BEVERLY

Nothing. Please, daddy. You don't
have to worry. I promise.

MR. MARSH

No? What's this?

He pulls out Ben's Haiku Poem.

BEVERLY

It's nothing. Just a poem.

MR. MARSH

A poem? You squirreled it away in
your undies drawer. Why would you
want to hide it there, Bevie?

He looks at her legs.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)
Slip down those tights.

BEVERLY
What?

MR. MARSH
I need you to prove to me you're
still mine.

She doesn't see, but a balloon drags down the hallway towards them. Mr. Marsh grapples for the top of her tights under her skirt.

BEVERLY
No! Daddy!

Bev wrestles away, falling back and smacking her head on the floor. She starts crabbing away on her back. Her dad lunges on top of her, struggling to control her.

MR. MARSH
Don't make this look ugly, Bev.
You're making this -- you know this
isn't ugly.

BEVERLY
Please. Stop!

He starts to undo his belt, one hand on her neck like a vise.

MR. MARSH
Them little boys, Bevie. Do they
know you're my special one? Do
they?!

Bev knees him in the balls. Her father lets go, crumpling down. She kicks him in the face as hard as she can, his head flying back into the side of the door.

Beverly tries to race out the door but he snatches her ankle and she trips into the hallway. By the time she is up he is lunging towards her.

She stumbles back into the bathroom and shuts the door, trying to lock herself inside. He kicks the door open before the lock catches.

Without thinking Bev grabs the toilet top and smashes it in her dad's crown. He slumps down, unconscious.

She rushes out, propping a chair against the knob to shut him in the bathroom, then races out the front door.

INT./EXT. KEENNE'S PHARMACY - DAY

Bev emerges from the elevator and runs past Mr. Keene stocking shelves, knocking a few boxes. She bursts outside and nearly collides with Will, tears running down her face, pretty dress getting soaked in the rain. *

WILL

Bev. What happened?

BEVERLY

I don't want to talk about it.

She looks back over her shoulder, terrified and wet and shivering. Mr. Keene glares at her through the storefront.

WILL

I saw your dad come home from work early. *

BEVERLY

I said forget about it. *

WILL

You sure?

She starts to cry but keeps her distance from the boys.

WILL (CONT'D)

Bev?

She heaves on Will's shoulder. He looks up at the storming sky. Something big is happening and they both know it.

BEVERLY

I'm not a bad person.

WILL

I know. Whoever made you feel like that they're wrong. But we don't do that. We look out for each other. Don't we?

She looks up and nods, her face twisted in pain.

BEVERLY

(nodding)

Please don't say anything to the others.

Will pretends to lock his mouth with an invisible key, then throws it away. Bev smiles, grateful and exhausted. *

She pulls out a cigarette and holds in her shaky hand. *

BEVERLY (CONT'D) *

I thought Mike-- *

HONK HONK. Mike swings by in a old farmhand PICK-UP. *

MIKE *

What do you think? It's the first
time my dad's let me use the pick
up for something other than a
delivery. *

They pile in the front seat, barely able to see over the dash. Mike lights her smoke with the car lighter and they rumble off. *

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

With the torrential downpour outside, water starts to drip from cracks in the ceiling. Guests slide for dray spots along slippery benches. Up front... *

Richie stands beside his dad, the Rabbi, nervously reading A VERSE FROM A SCROLL. He glances at his PROUD MOM, then at Ben in back, who wears an ill-fitting sport jacket and his girly jeans. *

SLAM! Richie stops mid-reading and everyone looks back towards the door, blown open by the wind, and at EDDIE, who was sheepishly trying to slip in.

Richie smiles at Eddie, pleased he's out of "mom jail." Eddie slides in meekly next to Ben and clips on his bowtie. *

BEN

Hey.

EDDIE

Where's everybody else?

Ben shrugs. Up front, Richie continues reciting his verse. *

INT. TRAVIS BOWER'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door creaks open, Victor and Snatch poking their heads in, both soaked to the bone.

SNATCH

Travis?

VICTOR

Mr. Bowers?

Nothing. They see a streak of blood on the floor that leads to the KITCHEN and Butch Bowers on the linoleum floor in a red pool, stabbed dozens of times.

*

SNATCH

Holy fuck.

A cat laps up the blood. Victor vomits.

*

SNATCH (CONT'D)

Travis, dude, you okay?

Snatch continues on into the LIVING ROOM where he finds TRAVIS sitting in Butch's favorite Lazy-boy in front of the TV, which is turned on to PENNYWISE THE CLOWN SHOW.

He holds the KNIFE, all slicked in blood, his eyes glazed.

*

TRAVIS

It's my knife now.

*

He turns and looks at Snatch and Victor in the doorway.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

*

The STORM GROWLS outside, building up. The leaks in the ceiling have turned into constant drops. Ben and Eddie swap looks, a little on edge.

*

*

*

Richie, still up front, is now onto the Dvar Torah part of the ceremony, where he reflects on what he's just read.

*

*

RICHIE

*

So, uh, I guess what I like about what I read is what it says about indifference. Like when you're a kid--

*

*

*

*

*

SLAM! Again the doors crash open and Richie stops, looking up...

*

*

Will, Bev, and Mike slink into the back of the synagogue, soaking wet. The Rabbi's wife shoots them a lethal gaze.

*

*

They slip in next to Eddie and Ben. Will nods to Eddie, glad to see him escaped.

*

*

RABBI

Go on, Richard. Finish your
thought.

Someone in back, tired of the water, opens an umbrella. As
Richie continues his speech everyone in the synagogue opens
their umbrella against the leaky roof.

RICHIE

--uh, well, when you're a kid you
think the Universe kinda revolves
around you. That you'll always be
protected and cared for. Then one
day something bad happens and you
realize that's not true. Suns go
out and animals go extinct and
countries go crazy and kill people
they don't like and none of it
seems to matter. Kids get sick,
good friends, or someone gets sick
in your family, or maybe you do.
And all that makes you feel alone,
like you're by yourself, in a world
that could care less who lives or
dies -- where nothing counts.
That's why our friends and faith
and family are so important. As
long as we have a connection to
each other, there's a point. If we
count to each other, things matter,
we do. Even if, to the Universe...
we don't.

With all the open umbrellas it's like a funeral in there.
Richie looks to his friends -- Will, Ben, Bev, Mike and
Eddie. Tears run down Bev's cheek.

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INT. BINGO HALL - DAY

Richie's reception is bumping. Endless buffets of smoked
salmon. Old people dancing. A bad DJ.

Richie shakes hands with family and well-wishers near the
front door. Will, Mike, Bev, Eddie and Ben come up.

RICHIE

Eds, you escaped.

EDDIE

It wasn't exactly Alcatraz.

BEVERLY
Great speech, Richie. Seriously. *

RICHIE
Thanks guys. Glad I didn't
embarrass anyone yet. *

BEN
The night is young. *

He looks to Will, sorrowfully. *

RICHIE
Can you guys come outside with me
for a sec? *

EXT. BINGO HALL - DAY *

Step outside, gathered under an overhang, wind and rain
blowing around them. Ben is the last one out and let the
door slam behind him. *

WILL
Ben no-- *

BEN
What? *

Mike tries the handle. It's locked. Knocks for someone to
open. No answer. *

RICHIE
I just want to apologize. To all of
you. I'm sorry. I'm glad you came.
All this stuff that's been
happening, it's just a lot to take- *

They don't see Travis, Snatch and Victor roll up in the Trans
Am. Out the window-- *

TRAVIS
Our invitation musta got lost in
the mail. *

Ben tries to open the door again -- it's still locked. *

WILL
We don't want any trouble, Travis. *

Travis steps out and pulls out his giant Rambo knife, still
caked with blood. *

TRAVIS

Neither do I. No trouble at all.

Ben kicks a garbage can at the charging bullies.

BEN

Run!

The kids run off. Bowers and his goons stumble over the garbage, lose a step, and take chase.

EXT. CANAL STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Crossing the bridge BEV SLIPS, BEN CATCHING HER.

BEN

Sorry.

BEVERLY

You really got to pick a new secret password.

BEN

"Winter fire."

He looks shyly away. Something finally dawns on her, with Travis right on their tails there's no time to process this revelation. Will grabs them both.

WILL

What are you doing! C'mon!

They run off towards...

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

The kids run up the steps to the library just as the doors are closed and locked. Inside is Mrs. Starret.

MRS. STARRET

We're closed.

BEN

Please, we need your help. Open the door!

She disappears into the gloom of the library. They look back at Bowers and the others racing toward them up the stairs.

They jump the rail into the bushes just as the bullies get there. They fall over themselves as they reverse course...

EXT. RICHARD'S ALLEY - DAY

Will, Eddie, Mike, Richie, Bev and Ben race up to a DERRY POLICE CRUISER sitting in the alley. Because of the rain it's hard to see inside.

WILL
Chief! Help!

They start rapping on the windows surprising Borton, along with whoever was just down in his lap -- THE BINGO CALLER, who wipes her mouth.

Travis and his goons see the kids around the police car stop dead in their tracks, instead retreating around the block.

Borton, horrified, quickly zips up but doesn't roll down the window. The kids are just as startled and frozen.

Mike leads them past the car down Richard's alley.

EXT. CENTER STREET - DAY

The kids race out of Richard's Alley past the mural, Pennywise now NOT IN THE PAINTING. The door bursts open from KEENE'S PHARMACY across the street and Mr. Keene stalks out wagging his finger at Bev.

KEENE
Bev, what did you do to your daddy?

MR. MARSH STAGGERS OUT BEHIND, forehead all bloody from the toilet tank.

MR. MARSH
There you are, fucking cunt.

RICHEL WILL
Woah, is that-- This way!

Will leads them over the KISSING BRIDGE and into...

EXT. THE BARRENS - DAY

The kids race through the woods and come to a dead end at a stream boiling with rapids that makes it too dangerous to cross. Mr. Marsh chases after them from not far behind. Suddenly the sound of wolves comes from the other direction.

BEN
This is not happening. This is not really happening.

He points. Travis and his goons come running over the other
bern, howling like beasts. Our kids are trapped. *

Will looks over at THE SEWER PIPE -- The one where they found
Dorsey's shoe -- which spews a vile muck into the stream. *

WILL
In there. *

Will and the others clamber into the pipe. All but Eddie,
who is hesitant. He finally steels himself and follows as... *

Mr. Marsh comes bounding down on the area, splashing into the
river. He looks around unsure where they went. *

CLANG! *

He swings his eyes to the sewer pipe. All he can see is
blackness, but he knows what's within it. He smiles. *

IN THE DARK OF THE PIPE, the kids watch him creep toward the
entrance. Beverly picks up a rock. *

MR. MARSH
I won't hurt you Bevvie. You're my
girl. I just want to give you a
little reminding... *

Will grabs Bev's hand and leads the other deeper into the
sewer tunnel, away from her dad.

Mr. Marsh about to chase after them when he is pulled back. *

TRAVIS
You're not going in there. *

Victor and Snatch watch their friend fearfully. *

MR. MARSH
If you think I'm gonna let you lay
a hand on my daughter-- *

Irate, Marsh lunges then stops, Travis jerks his arm up into
Marsh's chest, twisting his blade and scraping the man's
spine. He looks at Travis in shock as he falls to the forest
floor. Blood oozes from his stomach. *

VICTOR
Jesus, Travis-- *

SNATCH
This is too crazy. *

Snatch runs off. Victor runs after. Travis leans down over Mr. Marsh, blood bubbling from his mouth. He wipes off the bloody blade into his shirt.

TRAVIS
You paid your debt.

Travis stalks off into the tunnels, howling like a wolf.

INT. SEWER PIPE - DAY

The kids race deep into the pipe, groping through the darkness and sloshing through shit and storm water, Travis' howls echoing all around them. We sense something is watching them from the shadows, ready to jump out at any turn. At some point the stone and concrete pipe turns to a larger brick tunnel. They are back UNDER DOWNTOWN.

TRAVIS
I'm goonnnnnnnna eaaaaaat
yooouuuuuu! FUCKERS!

BEN
(to Bev)
Is that your dad?

MIKE
It's Bowers.

Finally, after a few wrong turns, the kids see a welcome SHAFT OF LIGHT AHEAD and head for it, coming to...

INT. THE OLD DERRY WELL - DAY

The original well dug by the Puritan Settlers. The kids race in, only to stop short of falling into a black mucky pool of water at the base of the well. Its surface is littered with floating debris -- toys from all eras, children's clothes, nests of matted hair, trinkets from children from many many different eras.

This is Pennywise's collecting den.

BEVERLY
What is all of this?

BEN
Oh my God.

WILL
The well.

They all look up. A DEAD END. *

EDDIE
We're dead. So dead. *

Travis' bellows get closer and closer, almost upon them. *

WILL
The other side. *

He takes Bev's hand and she takes Ben's and on down the line. *
The kids begins to traverse the narrow ledge around the wall *
of the well, toes of their sneakers hanging over the pool. *

Above them gnarled roots of trees pry their way through the *
rib cage of the ceiling. *

INT. THE OLD DERRY WELL - DAY *

Travis charges in, immediately tripping into the water. HE *
DOESN'T GO THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE instead finding himself *
waist deep in the pool, surrounded by the grotesquerie of *
IT's killing sprees. A bloated corpses rolls over and Travis *
recognizes it's half eaten face. *

PATRICK HOCKSTETTER. *

HOCKSTETTER
Come float with us, Travis. *

Travis screams and starts knifing the corpse. *

INT. PLANETARIUM TUNNEL - DAY *

The kids can hear his muffled screams. Will jumps up, *
helping the others to their feet. *

WILL
Keep moving. *

This tunnel is quite different from the last, almost *
fantastical. It's made of brick, behind which pinpoints of *
light shine through where the grout would be, as if they were *
stars in a long cylindrical worm hole. Instead of water *
rushing at their feet, the water is still as glass, *
reflecting the light like stars. *

At first there's just a smattering of starlight around them, *
like what you'd see in town. But as they go deeper the stars *
become more and more vibrant, twinkle, as if deep in the *
wilderness. Starlight the Puritans no doubt would have *
witnessed. *

BEN
It's beautiful.

The light starts to shift and dance around them. Everyone stops, mesmerized.

RICHIE
Whoa.

Will feels something brush by his feet. He looks down...

THE PAPER BOAT

It floats down the tunnel and disappears around a bend. Will slowly follows it. Before anyone notices he disappears the same dark bend. Bev finally registers that he's gone, turns to look. No where to be seen.

BEVERLY
Will?

INT. PLANATARIUM TUNNEL/AROUND THE BEND - DAY

Will finds boat circling in a puddle at the bottom of a set of stairs. The shifting pinpoints of light all around Will seem to coalesce ABOVE HIM, and suddenly the quality of light changes -- into DAYLIGHT. Will looks up and suddenly finds himself looking out of...

INT./EXT. STORM DRAIN AT WITCHAM & JACKSON - DAY

The very same Georgie was killed at. He can see Bev, Mike, Richie, Ben and Eddie congregated just outside the storm drain, actively searching for their missing friend. It's still storming, water pouring in.

BEVERLY
Will?

RICHIE
Yo, Willy?

WILL
Guys! Guys, I'm down here!

BEVERLY
Maybe he went this way.

His friends disappear out of sight, leaving him alone.

WILL

No. Wait! I'm in the drain. The
storm drain Georgie--

It sinks in. The horror of where he is. He ever so slowly
looks behind him. He sees a SMALL PIPE oozing bile, the same
one Pennywise first appeared from to Georgie.

Will places the paper boat in the mouth of it and it's
swallowed up. With no where else to go, Will follows it.

INT. PLANATARIUM TUNNEL - DAY

Bev leads the others in the hunt for Will but they can't seem
to find the same bend/incline he did. The pin points of
light around them spin and twinkle with increased intensity,
which begins to get disorienting.

RICHIE

I'm getting a headache.

BEVERLY

Keep looking! Will!

INT. BILE PIPE - DAY

Will wriggles on his belly down the pitch black pipe, now
almost neck deep in water. A surge of storm water comes from
behind, submerging him and flushing him forward into...

INT. WILL'S BASEMENT - DAY

Will pops up in his flooded basement, looking just the same
the night he saw Georgie in it. Only there's no Georgie. No
Pennywise. Just Will and the sound of a TV blaring upstairs.
He scrambles to his feet and runs upstairs.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Will emerges into the kitchen, sees a cake on the table, and
runs out into the living room where Zach and Sharon Denbrough
sit on the couch watching Chitty Chitty Bang Bang on TV.

WILL

Mom? Dad?

No response. Will jumps in front of TV.

They look right through him, as if he's invisible. They speak to each other but it sounds as if they are under water, like the 4th of July parade. Will is utterly confused.

WILL (CONT'D)

Guys? What are you talking about?

His dad rises up and walks past Will into the kitchen. Will tries to grab him and recoils his hand back in pain, as if burned on a stove. He steps back and looks at his mom, who is mesmerized again by the TV. Horror fills him.

WILL (CONT'D)

No.

He turns around, looks down stairs into the basement. Looking back at him, spotlit and smiling, Pennywise.

INT. PLANATARIUM TUNNEL - DAY

Bev staggers and catches herself on the wall, dizzy. The light now spins around them as if they're in some jettisoned spacecraft, tumbling wildly in space, getting brighter, ever brighter.

BEVERLY

W-Will? G-guys?

She stares at the ring on her hand, trying to focus on a stationary point. The strobing effect mesmerizes her, as it has all the kids -- Eddie, Mike, Ben and Richie -- frozen like deer (children) in the headlights (deadlights).

The light is so bright now all around them seems like white sky, the roots of the ceiling mirrored in the water at their feet, as if trees are above and below. This image...

WARPS AND WRAPS THE MIRRORED PARTS INTO A SPHERICAL 360 DEGREE VIEW, the frozen kids caught in a reflection, as WE PULL OUT...

OF PENNYWISE'S EYE. We're now back in...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Pennywise searching Will's house.

Will hides under the piano. Watches. His heart pounding out of his chest. Pennywise leaps, Will backs away from his swiping claw.

Will scrambles onto the piano and runs into the living room, trying to hid behind his parents.

Pennywise lunges again. Swipes, hits his mother who instantly dissipates into water, PENNYWISE'S CLAW SLASHES HIM ACROSS THE CHEST.

He falls back in pain, Pennywise is about to lunge at Will when he turns, something has caught his attention. We push into his eye, turning into the 360 degree view again that becomes the planatarium tunnel.

INT. PLANATARIUM TUNNEL - DAY

All of the kids are in a catatonic state as we push into Beverly who has snapped out of her daze, the tunnel's light show suddenly stabilizing.

She looks at Mike, still mesmerized and grabs his hand. She crawls on top of him, her face next to his, trying to block the light with her head. He also snaps out of his state, focusing on her pretty eyes.

BEVERLY

Don't let go of my hand.

She goes from loser to loser, putting a tender hand to each kid's face, holding hands, making and retaining a chain of contact, until they are all snapped out of their daze.

BEN

What happened?

Beverly looks down the tunnel, to where all the pinpoints of light have now collected, finally able to see AROUND THE BEND that Will disappeared behind. HIS IS VISIBLE NOW.

BEVERLY

Will!

In a web of light, some sort of 3-D matrix, that in some fashion conforms to the physical reality of his house, which he is chased around by what appears to them to be an ORANGE GAS. It lunges at Will as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Pennywise lunging at Will as he runs upstairs. His house seems to twist, Escheresque, up and down and sideways no longer agreeing with gravity.

He struggles but makes it up to the attic where it is dark.
Rain still pelts the roof. Water leaks all around him. It's
quiet, too quiet.

*
*
*

INT. AROUND THE BEND/LIGHT MATRIX - DAY

*

Bev and the others see Will race away from the gas as they
climb into the dense matrix, trying to get to their friend.
They maneuver through the web of light like mice in a maze.

*
*
*

Will comes running right toward them and Bev reaches out,
then the orange gas appears to block him, and Will
backtracks, appearing to climb rungs of the maze up to...

*
*
*

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - DAY

*

Will backs into a corner. Shadow and light seem to shift
subtly. Every dark pillar a potential iteration of IT.

*
*

Fear courses through him. He realizes he has no hope, a
lightness comes over him, a feeling only those who have
accepted eminent death feel.

*
*
*

He closes his eyes and leans back into the darkness.

*

INT. AROUND THE BEND/LIGHT MATRIX - DAY

*

Bev continues to squirm through the matrix. She is very close
to Will now, who seems to be facing one way -- the door --
when the orange gas is sneaking around behind him.

*
*
*

BEVERLY

*

No! Will!

*

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - DAY

*

Pennywise crawls upside down the ceiling towards Will. He
opens his mouth for the kill.

*
*

INT. AROUND THE BEND/LIGHT MATRIX - DAY

*

Ben throws a rock at the orange gas, the rock passing right
through.

*
*

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - DAY

*

Pennywise draws a quick breath, sensing the rock. Will looks
back just in time to scramble away, right into...

*
*

INT. AROUND THE BEND/LIGHT MATRIX - DAY

The arms of Beverly, who wraps him in a hug.

INT. WILL'S ATTIC PLAYROOM - DAY

The whole reality of Will's house, the walls and toys,
collapse like dust, sending Will and Pennywise...

INT. STORM DRAIN AT WITCHAM & JACKSON - DAY

Back into the reality of the other kids, who up until now
didn't realize this is where they were. It's just a tight,
dark, stone space. The sight of the first killing. All the
kids together, hugging Will, and in the shadows, cornered...

Pennywise. IT looks shocked. Scared. Vulnerable.

Will and the others sense this.

He grabs a rock and throws it at the clown, a little puff of
orange gas expelling like blood. The other kids take this
cue and grab rocks and whatever else they can find and go
Lord of the Flies on IT.

They pelt and beat and stone Pennywise into every corner he
tries to escape to, the creature shirking and shrieking with
every hit. It's savage and cathartic. Finally Will grabs a
huge rock to smash its face in and looks down to see

GEORGIE

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE
Please, Willy. Don't let your
friends hurt me more.

Will stops himself.

WILL
Georgie?

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE
I'm in here, Willy. We all are.
This is the place where we float.

MIKE
Will, it's a trick.

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE
It's not your fault Willy. Not
your fault I'm stuck here. But
you're hurting me. Hurting us all.

MIKE

It's trying to get to you, Will. We
can kill it together.

BEVERLY

Finish him, Will. For all of us.
For Georgie.

PENNYWISE/GEORGIE

Please, Willy. You'll kill me!

Will "Cah-cah's" but Georgie doesn't respond correctly.

Suddenly Pennywise's face looks up from Georgie's rain
slicker and Will comes down with the huge rock into IT's
skull.

A giant orange cloud expels from Pennywise, as he crumbles
into dust, the cloud shooting through and past all of them,
turning every empty space of their reality into...

A RUSH OF WATER

Suddenly Will, Bev, Ben, Richie, Mike, and Ben find
themselves submerged, tumbling in a rush of water, swimming
and clawing and trying to get their bearings, none of them
knowing which way is up as they whoosh around the soup of
debris.

INT. THE OLD DERRY WELL - DAY

Travis looks at an old Indian necklace as the orange gas
avalanches past him, also suddenly submerging him in water.
He tumbles with what we think are the rest of the losers,
until he sees they are BODIES, ALL THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED
KIDS.

All seems lost until...

EXT. ABATTOIR - DAY

Travis and all the bodies are disgorged into the pig pond at
the abbatoir. An arriving WORKER stops in his tracks and
sees Travis awash with DOZENS OF DEAD CHILDREN's bodies.

EXT. THE QUARRY - DAY

THE SIX KIDS pop up at the surface.

One by one they slump soaked, shivering, and exhausted next to each other on the embankment -- Mike, Bev, Ben, Eddie, Richie and Will.

All breathe hard as the adrenaline of survival courses through their veins, blinking owlishly against the daylight sparkling through the glistening green leaves of the woods.

The storm has past and the sky is clear.

EXT. BARRENS - DAY

The corpse of a boy in a yellow slicker is disgorged into a stream from the pipe where Will found Dorsey's shoe.

As we push in, it is unmistakably the dead body of Georgie.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

SEPTEMBER

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Beverly's mother, dressed in black, is surrounded by mourners, some of which we saw hanging out watching baseball, who offer their hushed condolences.

A FRAMED PHOTO of a grinning Alvin Marsh sits atop a table surrounded by candles and cheap flowers.

Beverly stares at it unemotionally, sneaking a smoke, she crushes it out in one of candles there, an act of defiance.

Suddenly, a rapping at the window come from behind. It's Will, out on the fire escape. He waves to her.

INT./EXT. BEVERLY'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Beverly crawls out. The gang is all there, drinking sodas. Will, Richie (in new glasses), Ben, Eddie (now out of his cast) and Mike, who hands Bev orange crush from his knapsack.

WILL

You see it?

BEVERLY

What?

Will nods to Ben, who pulls out the newspaper. On the front page we see: Travis, hair now shock white, in a blue jumpsuit being escorted by Borton and other cops. The headline reads: *BOWERS BOY CONFESSES TO CHILD MURDER SPREE: "MY DADDY MADE ME DO IT" -- WILL PLEAD INSANITY.*

RICHIE
It's all over the news. They're saying Travis and his Dad did all the killing.

MIKE
They have no idea.

Beverly stares at the picture of Travis, a pit in her gut.

BEVERLY
Swear it, guys.

She looks to Will, who knows exactly what she's thinking, his face sober and thoughtful. He takes his soda bottle by the neck and shatters it against the brick.

EDDIE
What are we swearing?

She puts her hand out palm up and WILL SLASHES IT.

RICHIE
Dude--

She looks to Will, who SLASHES HIS OWN HAND.

BEVERLY
Whatever happens. If IT isn't dead, we'll all come back. Swear.

Bev and Will clasps slashed hands.

A BLOOD OATH.

EDDIE
Is no one worried about AIDS?

Ben, then Mike, then Richie each follow suit, getting their hands slashed by the bottle. They look at Eddie who begrudgingly slashes his own.

They all hold hands, and silently swear their solidarity.

EXT. BACK OF BEVERLEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will, Eddie, Ben and Richie wave goodbye to Beverly. All of their hands have fresh band aids.

BEVERLY
Stay cool, Losers.

Beverly and Will lock eyes as they get further apart as Eddie waves bye to the rest of the boys.

RICHIE
Where you going?

EDDIE
I've got fresh cut lawn I want to roll around on.

MIKE
I'll see yall later, too. Have to help my Dad out.

Ben turns down another street.

RICHIE
You, too?

BEN
My Mom wants me to help her with a jigsaw puzzle.

RICHIE
Is that a metaphor or something?

Ben shakes his head laughing and goes.

EXT. WITCHAM STREET - DAY

Will stops in front of Richie's house.

RICHIE
What the hell am I gonna do when you're away? Everyone's got strange new hobbies.

WILL
You still got one good hand. Want my Mom's Playgirls?

Richie gives Will and playful noogie, then heads in.

Will walks up to his own front door, notes of a familiar piano piece coming from inside. CHARLES IVES. His heart lifted, Will runs in...

*
*
*

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

*

Sharon is at the piano playing, again lost in her own world. She stops and looks at her son staring at her in the doorway.

*
*

SHARON
You'll come visit?

*
*

His mom comes over and puts a hand on his cheek.

*

WILL
This is all so stupid.

*
*

SHARON
It'll be fine. You'll do the trip to Acadia with your dad and we'll take our own trip for Christmas.

*
*
*
*

WILL
It's just not fair.

*
*

SHARON
Ah, honey, who said life was going to be fair?

*
*
*

She kisses him. She nods to Zach standing in the stairwell, grabs the suitcases and heads outside.

*
*

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

*

Zach hugs Will.

*

ZACH
It's going to be different, but we'll have fun. You ready, champ?

*
*
*

Will nods. Zach closes the trunk.

*

INT. WILL'S WAGONER - MOVING - DAY

*

They pull out of the driveway when suddenly his Dad slams on the brakes.

*
*

Beverly stands in front of the car.

*

ZACH *
You'll get yourself run over *
darling. *

EXT. WILL'S WAGONER - DAY *

Will and Bev stand feet away from the car. *

BEVERLY *
I just want you to know. *

WILL *
What? *

BEVERLY *
Even if we don't talk, or, even if *
we're not best friends next year, *
all of you mean a lot to me. *

WILL *
What do you mean? Of course we'll *
be friends, we're the Losers Club. *

BEVERLY *
I know. But, High school, growing *
up. Friends become strangers, I *
just want you to know, you're *
important to me. *

Will nods. *

BEVERLY (CONT'D) WILL *
You won't forget. No. * *

BEVERLY *
Promise? *

WILL *
Promise. *

BEVERLY *
Never forget, Georgie loved you. *

She smiles, turns and skips away. *

EXT. DERRY/SKY OVER IT - DAY *

As Will's wagon drives off we RISE UP UP UP over Will's *
neighborhood, then HIGH OVER DERRY and the rivers and all *
black pines as far as the eye can see, until we come to... *

A floating RED BALLOON. *